



Vol. II. No. 7.

New York, Saturday, February 18, 1899.

\$2.00 per Year.
10 Cents per Copy.

BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

It is 2 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and Mendelssohn Hall is comfortably filled with women and children. Here and there a man, as if in meek apology.

The audience is not fashionable. It is well-dressed; but there are no "stunning costumes."

There is a general atmosphere of intelligence and ease.

Conversation is carried on in groups. Those present seem to know one another.

Every now and then some one looks up at the gorgeous frescoes of Blum, which decorate the two sides of the hall.

The programme tells you that it is "The Annual Artists' Recital to the Synthetic Guild, by Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler."

* * *

I sit and wonder what changes time may have wrought in that young girl whom I knew fifteen years ago, when she was struggling, in despair, to gain a hearing in New York. I recall those tearful scenes when imperious talent could not understand why it did not receive instant recognition.

And the memory brings back my dead mother, who consoled and encouraged the young artiste.

Then I remember the triumphant debut at the Peabody Institute, in Baltimore, and since then success, the world's approval.

In all those intervening years I had never met her again. I had heard of her triumphs, of a happy marriage, of a home and little ones, and always of the deep respect paid to a most sincere and talented interpreter of the greatest composers.

I was awakened from my thoughts by the kindly applause that greeted the lady as she came onto the platform.

The same modesty of dress, the same thoughtful mien, and the same polite but somewhat abrupt little nod of recognition of her reception.

* * *

There is an air of quiet assurance as she seats herself at the piano—a noble Steinway—and soon we hear the opening strains of the Toccata and Fugue in D minor by Bach—transcribed by Tausig.

The little lady's head is bent low over the keyboard. There are no mannerisms. It is the playing of a truly artistic disposition, which is all the more attractive because of its perfect simplicity.

There is no playing "at the public;" not the slightest effort to gain applause. There are no poses. It is clear the player has forgotten her audience, and only remembers it when the applause comes with the concluding chords.

The Beethoven sonata which follows displays a deep reverence for the composer, which some other players might well follow.

Then come the four Chopin selections, concluding with the Valse (opus 64, No. 1), and the audience is carried away by the virtuosity and charm of the player.

But it is not till the Liszt Rhapsodie, No. 12, is reached that we really get an insight into the player's personality. The abrupt transitions, the thundering bass, the sudden outburst, checked as a master hand would rein in a pair of fiery horses, and the sad, low note through it all—suit the player's temperament. She throws herself into the

performance with abandon, with a subtle appreciation of the composer's inner meaning, such as I have not heard before; and I have heard many great artists play Liszt.

The applause is very great, and a young girl throws a bunch of lilies at the player's feet.

* * *

Presently in the little room at the side of the stage, when the recital is over, venerable William Mason bends low before the little lady with the pale, intellectual face, set off by a wealth of dark hair, and says: "I have not heard that Rhapsodie played like that since I heard Liszt himself play it. In my younger days, it was my 'battle-horse.'"

The old artist's praise is received with becoming grace and modesty.

A young boy, with a handsome face, presses forward and begs a flower.

"Who are you?" says the lady.

"I hope to be an artist some day; and now I collect flowers from the artists and press them to keep in their memory."

The child gets his flower and a smile, and goes away happy.

He is followed by a young girl with great, big black eyes and a sweet expression, who gazes with open admiration.

The young man with her wants to have her heard; but the artist declines to make an appointment. "You see," she says, "I am honest. I shall tell you the truth. I may not like something, and then—it will hurt."

"You would be a great player, you must study with a great player, as I did with Leschetitzky. There is nothing else. If you have talent, go to Joseffy. Try and interest him."



MME. BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

Later, when a bevy of young girls have been received, I am rewarded with an invitation to lunch next day at the Grenoble, where we talk over the old days, and the old struggles, and I see the pictures of the children and the husband, and note that the elder boy has his mother's strong face and fine eyes, and the pleasant, kindly mouth of the father.

* * *

A frail, little woman; but of indomitable will, energy and purpose. A true artist. A noble interpreter of all that is best in music.

And I think I like her best when she says: "I am proud to have solved that great problem for so many women. I did not give up my art when I married, nor have I neglected my home!"

JOHN C. FREUND.

OUR MANAGERS.

No. 1. The Debonnair Dead-Beat.

How many tales of wrong done by unscrupulous and dishonest managers have not been told by artists and musicians to the editor of MUSICAL AMERICA.

And every one of them is sure to end by the narrator exclaiming: Oh! please do not publish what I have said. It might hurt me with other managers, and deprive me of engagements. I had rather suffer the loss!"

* * *

The last story of this kind which was told by a young artist this very week relates to a so-called manager who has recently gone to Europe, leaving, as usual, a number of unpaid board and advertising bills behind him.

This worthy, if one-quarter of what is said about him be true, is not a manager at all, but simply an ordinary swindler and dead beat.

This season he has posed as the "manager" of two prominent members of the Grau Opera Co. Last summer he acted as "manager" for a distinguished prima donna whose tour ended in disaster.

He makes engagements which he subsequently breaks, and on the strength of them "borrows" every cent the poor artist has and then "takes a vacation," leaving his victims to get along as best they can.

From the last musician to narrate his woes he obtained nearly \$2,000.00 in this way.

Another of his victims is a prominent tenor now on a concert tour, who gave him a large sum of money to pay newspaper and other bills. Needless to say the money is gone and the bills are unpaid, while the tenor is worrying how he shall meet these obligations a second time.

And, nevertheless, this precious rascal turns up every season bright and debonnair, with a fresh lot of artists, and a new lot of schemes.

Only recently a firm down south wrote to the Editor of this paper, asking for the gentleman's whereabouts, as they had cashed a check for him which had been returned, marked "N. G."

And there are others.

LUISA CAPPIANI.

Many will learn with regret that Mme. Luisa Cappiani, one of the most talented and conscientious of our vocal teachers, will retire from work at the close of this season, and leave us, to return to Europe to enjoy her well-earned rest.

It is nearly twenty years ago since Mme. Cappiani came to this country and established herself in New York as a vocal teacher. She soon gained a reputation second to none.

There was always a bond of affection between herself and her pupils.

When Lillian Russell suddenly surprised the public by the immense improvement in her singing, it was due to Mme. Cappiani's teaching.

A recital by Mme. Cappiani's pupils will be given at Chickering Hall next Tuesday. This will be her last appearance in public.

She will continue to teach till June, and will then leave us, universally respected for her great and noble work.

Musical America Abroad.—Mr. Edgar Lawrence Rea, a young American, achieved marked success as a concert singer in Munich some weeks ago. He has been studying with Vanni in Florence, and Bouhy in Paris. He intends to go on the operatic stage soon.

Distinguished Attractions.—How insignificant do the programmes of our New York Philharmonic and Paur Symphony concerts appear, when one reads that at the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts, in Paris, the stars this season are to be Ysaye, Géard, Rivarde, Pugno and Richard Strauss. Apropos, Ysaye and Pugno are giving a very successful series of four chamber-music concerts in the Salle Pleyel.

MUSICAL BOSTON.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1899.

The third and last week of the Ellis Grand Opera Company presented for works: "Götterdämmerung," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," "Aida," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," and "Siegfried." Owing to Melba's indisposition, Galski sang Micaela in "Carmen," and the Mascagni and Leoncavallo works were substituted for Rossini's "Barber."

The two notable events of the week were the début of Alvarez, the distinguished French tenor, and the superb assumption of the rôle of Aida by Galski; in both instances the occasions being enhanced through the masterly conducting of Seppilli.

Alvarez made his first appearance in this country on Tuesday evening in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," with Melba.

Dramatically, Alvarez's success was assured from his very entrance. He is a great actor.

The conventional Romeo was entirely absent in his impersonation, and in its place was a masterly conception of the character, logically sustained throughout, growing constantly in intensity to the final scene; accompanied always with that rarest of artistic virtues, a genuine repose.

This exceptional gift, so seldom observed, must not be confounded with the element of restraint usually employed by the intelligent actor as a means of contrast. The latter is the outcome of talent. The former is the inspiration of genius.

As Don José, in "Carmen," Alvarez rose to the highest pinnacle in dramatic art.

It is useless to attempt to describe the revelation of his genius. No such acting has been seen upon the operatic stage in my recollection.

It was the perfection of consummate art; something that cannot be told, it must be observed.

Alvarez dominated the whole scene, the only parallel effort being that of Conductor Seppilli, who, with a masterly hand, carried forward the performance with amazing success, when the mediocrity of the majority of the performers on the stage is considered.

De Lussan, in the title rôle, merely held the part together.

Galski, as Micaela, was eminently successful.

The less said about the others the better.

In operatic performance, the vocal is supposed to go hand in hand with the dramatic ability.

Unfortunately this was not the case with the showing made by Alvarez.

He has a fine voice, of robust proportions; but his vocal schooling has been such that he does not employ his powers to the best advantage.

In "Romeo and Juliet," he sang in his throat and in his nose, and with the most distressing lapses, as regards correct intonation.

His phrasing was consummate, and his attempts in dynamic contrast were successfully accomplished.

His tone production, alas! was so falsely pursued that to the critical listener, the turning of a deaf ear was the only means that permitted an enjoyment of his incomparable dramatic effort. This discrepancy was not the result of his recent voyage across the ocean, but because of a false method of tone production.

In the debility that sometimes follows the consequences of an ocean voyage no such results as he obtained in this opera should be observed, did he understand the correct art of tone production.

Only at times, under an unconscious impulse, did he accomplish a delineation of his real vocal powers.

Are there no teachers abroad who can train such a splendid organ, and so eminent a mental capacity, so that normal action of the singing voice can be assured as a handmaiden with the dramatic power of so exceptional an artist?

In "Carmen" there was less opportunity for objection

upon the vocal item, for the intensity of his dramatic effort, like the flow of a deep and swift river, swept everything along with it.

But such a fortunate happening is not a mastery in vocal art.

In my long experience, I can recall but one case of dramatic and vocal ability, allied in equally eminent proportions, and that was in the efforts of the celebrated Pauline Lucca.

The second notable occasion of this last week's performances was the eminent height in the vocal art attained by Galski in her impersonation of Aida.

Every critical listener was astounded at the breadth sustained power, purity of voice and intonation, and delightful cantabile of this distinguished prima donna.

The nobility, enthusiasm and consummate vocal skill of her efforts inspired all her associates to the best possible accomplishment within the limitation of their powers.

It was the "red letter" performance of the season, as far as real effort was concerned, and evoked the most spontaneous and uproarious applause heard in the Opera House during the engagement.

I have listened to many performances of "Aida," but never before had I really heard the opera.

This was due to the incomparable conducting of Seppilli, who brought forth all that could possibly be obtained in Verdi's wonderful score.

This matchless effort upon Seppilli's part was recognized by the audience at the end of the third act with frantic shouts of "Seppilli! Seppilli! Bravo, Seppilli!" repeated again and again, an ovation that caused this modest master of the baton to bow in blushing acknowledgment of the enthusiasm his superb efforts had commanded.

It must be said that Mr. Ellis has given us a series of performances that reflect great credit upon his managerial efforts. He also has kept faith with his public; only departing from his scheme announced when absolute necessity compelled. The auxiliary forces have been of the best, and the stage management has been admirable in every respect.

Financially, the season has been a great success. The Wagner operas did not contribute most liberally toward this desired end. The melodious works of the French and Italian composers proved the most fruitful in attracting large audiences.

The Symphony orchestra gave its fifteenth concert, with a performance of the following programme: Symphony No. 4, Bruckner; Brahms' concerto for piano, No. 2; and "Leonora" overture No. 3, Beethoven. Miss Aus der Ohe was the soloist.

The Bruckner symphony was new to Boston. It smells of Wagner, both in the means employed and in its reminiscent suggestions. There is nothing hardly of melodic value to it; the composer expending his efforts in thematic treatment that becomes tiresome without presenting anything of originality in its dispensation to mollify its melodic poverty. The last movement is without apparent purpose.

It was read without regard to the author's indications, in the now stereotyped, coarse manner of Gericke.

Aus der Ohe played with splendid breadth and dignity, and with a very fluent technical command. She most happily met the requirements of the concerto.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Like Father, Like Son.—Ludwig Schumann, a son of the celebrated composer, Robert Schumann, died recently at a private asylum in Colditz.

Miss Florence Halliday,

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MAX DECSI'S LECTURE.

Mr. Max Decsi, the well-known vocal instructor, delivered a lecture at Carnegie Hall, on February 5, that contained much matter of great interest to students and teachers of singing. Following are some of the most potent points of the lecture:

"The subject of 'Vocal Method and Voice Training' is one of very great importance; and I am sure that all of you are more or less familiar with the various arguments in relation to it, which have been advanced from time to time. The controversy is an old one; but, in my judgment, little or no good has yet come of it.

"That there is a sincere desire on the part of an ever-increasing number of people to know what is the best method of singing, and training the voice, is shown in one way, by the many inquiries addressed to the editors of the leading musical journals. The answers to these communications are, no doubt, conscientious, and are intended to be helpful; but you will bear me out when I say that not a few of them are misleading.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are all deeply interested in this noble profession, and desire to see it lifted to the highest possible plane of artistic success. To my mind, it is time to put an end to useless theorizing, and to speak plainly of so-called 'Patent Method' teachers. I will undertake to demonstrate to you that there is only one natural way, or method, of singing. I contend, and I have always contended, that with this one right method one may sing any operatic style, without having made a special study of any so-called patent method. A close study of the famous singers of the Metropolitan Opera will fortify this contention. The secret of the great success of the most versatile artists in grand opera is to be found, not in their knowledge or use of various methods, but in their ability to utilize the one natural and correct method to the greatest possible advantage. To this they owe their versatility of style, and their different tone colors necessary to express their various emotions.

"Remember that the qualities necessary in any tone, which is to be entirely satisfactory, are alike in the case of every singer. The tones (or sound-waves) must come forth in a perfectly natural, unhindered manner, avoiding any undue pressure upon the vocal organs.

"This talk of 'style,' of which we hear so much, is very misleading. What is commonly termed style is merely a matter of individual taste, not a distinct vocal method.

"If any one possesses the natural material—the talent, the artistic temperament, combined with the one correct method—you may sing anything, whether of German, Italian or French composition, provided it is within the range of your individual voice quality. If you have the slightest doubt on this point, I would thank you to solicit an opinion from any one of the great singers now before the public.

"If you will seek to inform yourselves, you will find that every teacher of much experience and success first ascertains what the individual faults of his pupil are, and then makes use of his practical plan of teaching to bring about the faultless conditions necessary to the correct use of the vocal apparatus. This has always been my standpoint, so far as individual teaching is concerned; and I am happy to state that it has received the indorsement of the most competent authority in the world—the International Medical Congress.

"Of course, we all know that the originators of the only correct method were the old Italian masters; but this does not hinder me from saying that we have to-day great singers and teachers of almost every nationality.

"There are teachers in the old country, as well as in the new, whose chief reliance is upon their smartness as advertisers, rather than upon their ability as teachers. They claim to be the special exponents of certain methods, when in truth they have no method at all. They may be called the pseudo-teachers, as distinguished from conscientious, experienced and practical teachers.

"The reason why the great old masters did not leave any printed records is because, as practical teachers of much experience, they did not believe that printed textbooks or theories alone can be of any service to students. Truly, they were right in maintaining that theories can never replace practical knowledge, and that they only open a free field for incompetent teachers.

"Students should understand that there is nothing more important than the selection of a teacher in whom they can place full confidence. Let us hope that the time will come when vocal teachers will be subject to the same restrictions as members of the medical profession. All such teachers should be compelled to spend a specified time in what I may style the 'Vocal Clinic,' under the guidance of a first-class vocal specialist, as only in this way can they acquire the knowledge which all competent teachers should have.

"If we are to develop our native talent properly, we must take into account these three necessary factors—able teachers, just but severe critics, and such facilities

for acquiring experience as are always at the disposal of European artists. Every large city in the Union should subsidize a standard opera house, on a small scale, after the European fashion. If this were done, we would not be obliged to import foreign artists; on the contrary, we would be enabled to send American talent abroad. We have the teachers and we have the intelligent critics."

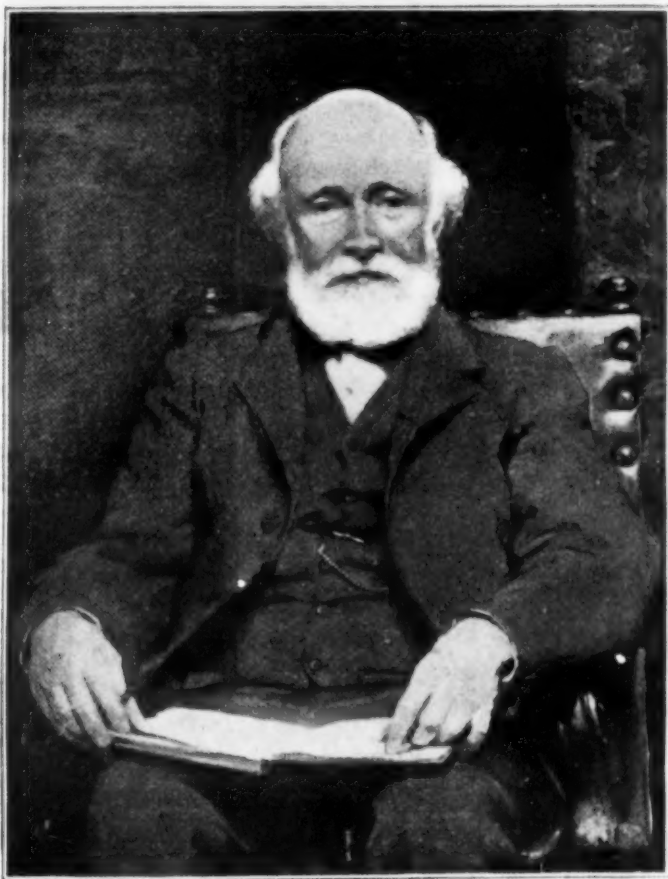
IN MEMORIAM.

John S. Dwight.

When I started my first musical paper in this country, and that is about twenty-seven years ago, I moved in musical circles that affected to look upon "Dwight's Journal of Music" with good-natured derision.

They spoke of Mr. Dwight as a fossil, an old fogey, and dubbed him "a pensioner of the Ditsons."

I took my opinions then from those who surrounded me—New Yorkers, be it said—and never troubled my head as to their justice.



*Very truly yours,
John S. Dwight.*

It was not till I had gained experience as to the conditions prevailing in the musical world in this country that I began in any way to appreciate the pioneer work done by Dwight.

I am the more glad, therefore, of an opportunity to refer briefly to a man whose memory will always be cherished in Boston as among those who strove to establish a standard of criticism in the musical world, at a time when the general culture of the country was still at a very low point.

I am indebted for this opportunity to the courtesy of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, who have sent me a copy of a beautifully printed work, entitled:

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT,
Brook-Farmer, Editor and Critic of Music
A Biography
by
George Willis Cooke.

Most really great men have to die before the public can appreciate their work at its true value.

I feel personally grateful to Mr. Cooke for his charming book, which will be found interesting to all lovers of music, and more especially to all those who are intensely interested in man, his work, his struggles and aspirations.

Perhaps the prevailing thought that has come to me in reading it is one of wonder at the intense affection New England has for those of her sons who have aided the higher purpose and life of the people.

This sentiment pervades the book, and it gives it a home-like flavor that recalls the atmosphere of simplicity and dignity in those with whom I passed my youth.

Dwight was a graduate of Harvard, and a contemporary of Emerson, Holmes, Charles Francis Adams, Agassiz, James T. Fields, Longfellow, and others of equal renown, who were all his intimate personal friends.

After he left college he became a preacher and essayist. His writings won approval from Carlyle.

When Dwight began the work of his life there was intense intellectual excitement which led to the Transcendental movement, whose outcome was the establishment of that unique colony of thinkers known as "Brook Farm," whose object, as stated by the founder, George Ripley,

was to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor. The late Charles A. Dana joined the farm, as did other men and women of high intellect. Dwight directed the musical life of the community.

The chapters devoted to the life at Brook Farm are intensely interesting.

When the community finally broke up, Dwight took to journalism and came to New York, where for a time he contributed to the New York "Tribune."

In 1852 he founded, in Boston, "Dwight's Journal of Music," the first publication of its kind, which took rank as an authority in the musical world, and which for nearly thirty years reigned supreme, until other journals, published in New York, more modern in character, and more enterprising in scope, took its place.

The paper was never a great financial success. Its literary and musical standard was too high.

The biography recounts, in eloquent language, Mr. Dwight's labors on the paper, as well as his distinguished work in the cause of music.

The closing chapters are devoted to a description of "the Saturday Club," a small social organization of Boston's most distinguished literati and scientists, of which Mr. Dwight was a leading spirit.

In 1893 this kindly, much beloved and much respected man passed away.

JOHN C. FREUND.

Siegfried Wagner Talks.—On the eve of the production of Siegfried Wagner's "Bärenhäuter," the young composer was interviewed in Vienna. He said that the suggestion for the use of the fairy tale as an opera subject came from his father, who had declared it adapted for operatic treatment. He added that he believed that if his father had lived longer he would have composed a fairy opera, and that the ideal subject in his mind was "The Sleeping Beauty." Apropos, the New York "Staats Zeitung" stated last week that the performances of "Der Bärenhäuter" in Munich had come to an abrupt end because of disagreements between the composer and his singers.

Operatic Season in Italy.—So far the musical season has brought forward no new works of unusual merit in Italy. One-act operas are still put forward as determined strugglers for the place once filled by "Cavalleria Rusticana." None of them, of course, survives. Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence and many small cities have all heard their new operas this season. In the principal cities Massenet's "Roi de Lahore" and "Manon" have enjoyed a new vogue, and Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba" has been produced with great success in Rome after it had dropped for some time out of the repertoire. Wagner's operas figured importantly on the programmes when the musical season opened in Italy. "The Bohemian Girl" is soon to be given in Naples, and the production is said to be the first ever made in Italy.

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THE CHURCH SINGER.

At this time of year the choir world is called on to undergo an experience that a general of long army experience would find trying, to say the least.

A creation of modern church life, consisting, as a rule, of from three to five men (sometimes women are included), who have some time or other in a meeting of the officary of the church, expressed a familiarity with certain hymn tunes, which they call by name as State Street, Old Hundredth, etc., or else of men who have expressed the opinion that better music could be furnished for half the present appropriation, or of men who affect acquaintance with some musicians of note, and who have a fat bank account, which they intimate they are willing to lessen in the cause, exists under the name of "Music Committee."

Before these men, or one of them, appears a girl of sensitive, nervous temperament, to apply for the position of soprano or alto of the choir—a position for which she has, perhaps, spent some years of preparation, and regarding which she entertains some very high ideals. She has studied singing per se, she has mayhap sung in a church chorus; she possibly reads fairly well. After a very charming interview she is bidden, it may be, to attend a trial of voices. There she is introduced to the organist, who eyes her critically; and, if she meets with his approval, says a few nice things by way of putting her at ease. She then essays to sing a solo that has cost her weeks or months of study; say, Randegger's "Save Me, O God," or that classic for church trials, Dudley Buck's "Fear Not Ye, O Israel." Among her hearers and critics in the same, or at most, an adjoining room, are from fifty to two hundred other ladies; and, if they be within hearing distance, she is greeted with an undercurrent of insinuating titters that are not lost on the committee (nor intended to be), and, if in sight, significant nods and expressions of disapproval.

When the ordeal is over, she is congratulated; and, if the powers that be are favorably impressed, is notified of a second trial, that shall determine the survival of the fittest. If she does not please, she is flattered and assured she will hear from them again—which, by the way, she does not.

On her second trial she is asked if she will please sing a verse of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," as "Mr. So and So, of our committee, is very fond of that tune." If she still satisfies, she may be asked to sing with the other members of the quartet, to see if she can read; and here comes in your organist or choir-master.

If she be pretty and has a good voice, and is not in competition with a friend of his, she is given a simple hymn-tune that she has sung since infancy, and is given the position, if finances permit.

Whoever heard of a church that did not have financial difficulties—few of the many seeking positions, we warrant. If the offer be inadequate, she often, being weary of the struggle, accepts rather than go through it all again.

The first Sunday in May sees her established in her position. That morning something, of course, goes wrong with the anthem; or, having come from Steenteenth street, she has a cold, and is consequently hoarse. Behold her whilom friends now! "Miss So and So, I thought you could read," or "Your voice doesn't seem to be as clear as it was," or some annoying, irritating slur that sends her home discouraged.

For a year the only times she sees her committee to speak to is when they have some sarcastic remarks to make on her work, unless she be pretty—then one of them has to shake her hand before and after every service, and never seems in a hurry to let go. She must also be joked and cajoled until she burns with indignation. However, being wise in her day and generation, she flatters Mr. Music Committeeman, and allows him all the liberty she dares, and thinks herself settled for a term of years.

In the meantime, Mr. Organist has discovered she does not at all balance his quartet, or her reading "is of the guess variety," or she is not always willing to strain her

voice in encouragement to a lot of half-fledged chorus sopranos, and he has seen other members of the committee, who are jealous of the popularity of her sponsor, or shocked at her boldness, and when the first of February comes around she hears from a bosom friend, who thinks she "ought to tell her" that the committee are again trying sopranos. And she goes out and tries for another position, where by more play of policy and wise use of Dank's "Not Ashamed of Christ," or Adams' "Holy City," she manages to capture and hold another position for a longer time. But what of her artistic aspirations? Oh, she has lost her enthusiasm, is tired out, sings for a few years and disappears from the annals of music—a sadder but wiser woman.

If, perchance, she gets into one of those hallowed precincts of musical art, referred to last week, she has a glorious future, and the hearts of men become attuned to a new harmony, and their children shall call her blessed.

The men of the choir have an easier time. Being men—and, nine times out of ten, business men—they are dealt with according to business methods.

What are you going to do about it?

Why, agitate until ministers have to pass an examination in church music, so they can assume the head of that department of church work, as they should, or until churches consent to call in a consulting musician (as they do a consulting architect when building a church); who shall for his fee pass on candidates for office, according to the exigencies of the case—then agitate for the sole authority of the choir-master for a reasonably long period, until you are accustomed to your surroundings. Above all, advise your committees that it is friendly counsel and encouragement you need—not criticism for criticism's sake; and, above all, don't pretend to respect their opinion when you don't.

A little courteous candor will work wonders on these men in the course of a year, and gain for your profession a respect that is to-day sadly lacking. VOX ORGANI.



MAX DECSI REPLIES.

No. 10 WEST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET,
NEW YORK, Feb. 13, 1899.

EDITOR MUSICAL AMERICA:

In your last issue Mr. Scherhey claims that Miss Marie Patz should be considered his pupil, because she studied with him for four years, and appeared during that period at certain concerts.

My contention, that the first appearance of Miss Marie Patz, "coleratura soprano," took place on Sunday, February 5, 1899, implies that Miss Patz made her debut on that day.

To question or to deny this on the ground that Miss Patz had previously taken part in Mr. Scherhey's recitals is a clever prevarication, because in those recitals Miss Patz was made to appear as a "mezzo-soprano."

This suggests that Miss Patz, who is a high soprano, was diverted into the wrong direction by her former teacher.

The real issue that presents itself is simply this: "Is Miss Patz a mezzo-soprano or a high soprano?"

A proper solution of this one question will settle the fact as to which should be considered Miss Patz's first public appearance.

I feel so assured of my position that I am ready to submit the case to a jury of competent critics and teachers.

Whatever their decision, I am ready to abide by it.

Very truly yours, MAX DECSI.

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DEAR MUSICAL AMERICA:

The receipts at the opera are said to be running between \$55,000 and \$60,000 a week. This does not include the performances in Brooklyn and other outside cities.

If this rate be maintained to the end of the season there will be a handsome surplus, while Grau will have a nice nest egg for the future.

But behind all this prosperity there is a shadow.

It has been shown that even the greatest artists, even Jean de Reszke, Sembrich and others do not draw singly. It is when Grau announces three, four and even five stars, that a crowded house responds to his enterprise. In fact, I believe that his contract with the stockholders calls for at least three stars for every one of the regular nights of the season.

Now, this is all very well with the present receipts; but suppose the receipts should fall off, or suppose Grau cannot next season get together the wonderful company he has with him now? What then?

That is the shadow!

There are those who say that the present enormous salaries paid some of the artists cannot possibly be maintained, and that they must come down to something nearer the European standard.

Jean de Reszke is said to get over \$66,000.00 for thirty performances, or about \$2,200.00 every time he sings.

A business man would say: "If he draws it, then he is worth it!" But that's where the rub comes in. Does he draw it? Can any one artist be said to draw when the public, as well as the stockholders, demand three and more stars in every performance at the regular prices?

The present large salaries are the result of the rivalry between Colonel Mapleson and Henry E. Abbey in years past, when they bid against one another, and so forced up prices.

While some of the artists receive very large salaries, others, again, receive less than they consider themselves worth, in view of the success they have made.

Two notable instances are Mme. Schumann-Heink and Van Rooy. These two are among the greatest successes of the season; yet they are said to receive but small salaries. This is easily understood. They were unknown quantities here, and Mr. Grau had to take chances as to their failure or success. Another season it will, no doubt, be different.

One thing seems certain. If the public and the stockholders continue to insist upon having a number of stars at each regular performance, it must tend to bring down the salaries of the principals; for it will be irrefutable evidence that no single one of the great stars can any longer draw a house by himself or herself.

At present there is no doubt but that some artists are overpaid, while others are underpaid.

The general opinion in the foyer of the opera seems to be that this will be Jean de Reszke's last season here.

Grau had a good deal of trouble to get him to come over this season; and might have failed altogether had not the terms been so high, and had not M. Jean recently bought a property in Paris, to pay for which he did not wish to encroach upon his investments.

Neither he nor his brother has been really well since their arrival in New York. Edouard has particularly shown the effect of the terrible weather on his voice.

One of the greatest difficulties the singers have to contend with is the draughts on the stage. When the Metro-

politan was built, everything possible was done to heat the auditorium, but the stage was left to take care of itself.

That stage must be like the Arctic regions on very cold nights. This was very noticeable during the performance of "Martha" last Friday. Every time the curtain went up, a cold wind set in from the stage, that nearly froze the audience in their seats.

Many of the artists have caught the cold which has put them *hors de combat* right on that stage.

They tell me that, in this regard, the European opera houses are far ahead of ours.

Fancy what it must be in some operas, in which the artists have to expose their limbs, or wear but the thinnest of raiment, with the thermometer below zero!

That our architects are far from having solved the problem of ventilating and heating our large auditoriums is certain.

* * *

The leading artists have nearly all adopted the American system of having a press agent.

Michaels, an old newspaper man, works for Emma Eames. Steinberg, of the "Herald," works for the De Reszkes and Nordica. Another newspaper man looks after the interests of Sembrich; while Mr. Edmunds, who is Grau's press representative, pays special attention to Saléza and Albers.

Such presswork does not influence the "criticism" so much as it does secure plenty of "personal mention" and anecdotal matter.

Some members of the company insist that the relations between the de Reszkes and Steinberg have been too close, and that it has influenced the criticism of other artists that has appeared in the "Herald." Color was given to this view by some of the articles in the "Herald" at the opening of the season; but, as I have said before, Steinberg has been very fair, on the whole; that is, until he got his congé recently.

* * *

Strictly "on the merits," the criticisms most regarded by the artists are those that are written by W. J. Henderson in the "Times."

This season especially, Henderson has shown himself to be head and shoulders above the rest.

You will find this opinion of his ability held by our best musicians and teachers.

In a recent dispute between two prominent vocal teachers, both wanted to leave the issue to the decision of Henderson.

The "Times" is to-day about the only paper that I know of that is read by a large class of people for the sake of its musical criticism. The "Post" used to be; but Finck has grown erratic and lazy. Spanuth, of the "Staats-Zeitung," is about the only one who deserves to rank with Henderson.

There are a number of newspaper men who write about music who have a certain following. Principal among them are James G. Huneker, Vance Thompson and Hilary Bell, of the "Press."

After them come Krehbiel and chaos.

* * *

Frau Lehmann is attracting much attention, and she is her own press agent. To our American papers she writes letters denouncing the slaughter of small birds for millinery purposes, while to the German papers she is contributing the most fulsome eulogies of Victor Maurel, who, it seems, has completely won her by the elegance of his action, the charm of his manner and his wonderful ability as a stage manager; for Maurel, according to la Lehmann, personally rehearses "Don Giovanni" and the other operas in which he sings.

* * *

Last Friday was the anniversary of the death, on the stage of the Opera House, of Castelmarty, the basso.

Curiously enough, the opera of "Martha" was the same as given on that sad occasion.

This made all the artists, and especially Edouard de Reszke, very nervous. You have no idea how horribly superstitious they all are.

Dear old Galassi, the baritone, never would dream of going into the street until he was sure the pointed pieces of coral on his watch chain were correctly fixed to keep off "the evil eye."

And only last week I saw a most celebrated prima donna deliberately cross Broadway in order to "touch" the hump of a poor newsboy, who sells papers on a certain corner.

I remember on the night that Mme. Janish, the great German actress, was to make her début in Chicago, I wished her luck as she was about to enter her carriage to go to the theatre. She sat down right then and there on the hotel steps and burst into tears. She said that whenever anybody wished her luck, she was sure to have a poor house.

She had "the poor house" all right; but whether it was because I had wished her "good luck" or not, I'll leave you to find out.

JOHN C. FREUND.

Wagner in London.—A great Wagner opera house is to be built in London. It is also to serve for standard performances of Shakespeare's plays.

Quintano Concert.—Mr. Giacomo Quintano, a violinist who is highly recommended, gave a concert on Thursday night at Knabe Hall. His playing will be reviewed next week.

New Herbert Opera.—Victor Herbert, who is now recognized as our leading composer of light opera, is said to be about to write a new work for Frank Daniels, the comedian. The libretto will be by Fred. M. Rankin.

Melba in Chicago.—Mme. Melba achieved a great triumph in Chicago on Monday evening. She sang Mimi in "La Bohème," before a vast audience, that cheered the popular singer to the echo. The indications are that the season in Chicago will be a most successful one.

New Choral Composition.—At the second concert of the Orpheus Club, Springfield, Mass., special interest centred in the new choral work by Edmund Severn, of New York. It is called "Bold Robin Hood," and is set to some verses from Thos. Love Peacock's "Maid Marian." The Springfield "Republican" says of Mr. Severn's latest effort: "The composer has written a lively and dashing chorus. An original effect is produced by the snuffling semi-chorus of gray friars, which recalls the wail of the Hebrews in Saint-Saëns' 'Samson and Dalila.' The chorus is quite difficult to sing. The accompaniment is arranged for piano, with a cornet obligato."

Opera Frappé in Philadelphia.—The Ellis Opera Company, scheduled to sing "Carmen" in Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon, left Boston Friday evening; but, owing to the weather conditions, did not reach their destination until half past 3 in the afternoon. The large audience had been kept waiting on the sidewalks until some inspired functionary opened the doors, and for nearly two hours the half-frozen spectators stamped on the floor and whistled "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" and "Where Are the Absent Ones We Love?" The singers, music and costumes finally arrived, and "Carmen" was given with a great deal of spirit, M. Alvarez repeating his Boston success as Don José.



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GIORDANO'S FEDORA.

The First Performance at the Pagliano.

FLORENCE, Jan. 29, 1899.

From the beginning of his career as an operatic composer, Giordano had always cherished a desire to set Sardou's great drama to music. It appeared to him possessed of elements eminently adapted for a lyric transformation. His own ardent temperament led him to prefer subjects abounding in vividly colored dramatic situations—which predilection is evidenced in his other operas, *Voto* and *Andrea Chenier*—and the vehement and rapid contrast of the passions.

Encouraged and stimulated by the public taste, Italy's rising composers, in their search after sensational subjects, tend toward the exaggeration of a system, which, if persisted in, will have the effect of restricting the attribute of music, in trying to make it serve purposes which it is not adequate to fulfill.

The first act of the opera, "Fedora," affords me a capital instance. The lugubrious episode—with which the opera, like the drama on which it is founded, begins—in the house of Vladimiro, is rapid and concise in the drama; and, from a simple reading of the libretto, would seem that it ought to be in the opera also; while, in fact, it becomes long and oppressive in music. The reason of this is apparent: the diffuse instrumental comments on the words of a similar libretto only serve to rob the drama of one of its most important features, the continuity and rapidity of the action. The attempt to set to music a police interrogatory, for me, is carrying realism in music to a point almost bordering on the absurd, as I fail to see what music can do to increase the effect of the scene. On the contrary, I rather think the music not only compromises the scene it is intended to illustrate, but art itself, in assuming attributes incompatible with its inherent nature.

This first act constitutes, therefore, a formidable barrier to the opera's enjoying a popularity even approaching that of the drama on which it is founded. My own conclusions regarding it were completely borne out by the reception it met with at the hands of the public, who suffered it to pass in profound silence, both here and at the first representations at the Lyric, in Milan, in November last.

The second act of the opera combines the second and third of the drama; and here the composer has not failed to profit by the greater opportunity offered by the libretto. The culminating point in the opera is the scene between Fedora and Loris in this act, where Fedora—with all the diplomatic ability of her sex—tries to extract from Loris a confession of his guilt. During this animated dialogue the orchestra remains silent; and the only accompaniment is an ingenious imitation of Chopin's well-known nocturne in B major, played at the grand piano by Lazinski, a Polish pianist, one of Fedora's guests. This scene was received with sincere and enthusiastic applause; an encore was demanded and conceded; and at the end of the scene, the composer, who was present, but who did not direct the performance, as had been announced—was called to the footlights four times with the artists.

The intermezzo which follows is formed upon the three principal motives of the opera: first, that which depicts the love of Fedora for Vladimiro (which may be called the leitmotif, and which reminds one somewhat of "Ridi Pagliaccio" of Leoncavallo); second, Fedora's oath of revenge, which reappears toward the end of the last act; and third, the phrase expressing Fedora's new passion for Loris. This was likewise encoired, and the composer was twice called before the curtain. The impression augments at the return of Loris, who comes to tell Fedora the real reason for his having killed Vladimiro. This scene may be said to be the clew, dramatically and musically, of the opera. Garbin, as Loris, was excellent throughout this scene, and after the dramatic phrase, "Ma l'uccido" (But I kill him), was greeted with a perfect storm of applause.

The third act is inferior to the second; and, in fact, last night the audience allowed it to pass uninterrupted by any applause. I should have liked to see the music, in this act, contest with the drama its interest exerted over the minds of the audience; but instead—in search of contrast to the final catastrophe—the author loses himself in some useless digressions. The bicycle song, introduced for Olga, seems trivial and out of place in a serious opera; and is decidedly a condescension to means anything but commendable to attain popularity. The terzetto between Fedora, Olga and De Siriex, as they take tea in the garden before Fedora's villa, is genial, and possesses a

certain elegance of form. While the composer finds a melody of exceptional adaptability—full of devotion and supplication, with a difficult but effective harp accompaniment—for Fedora's prayer; he is wanting in the final and supreme moment between Fedora and Loris, and here falls short of his ideal. Here the interest felt by the public is more in the drama than in the music, which contents itself with some melodic episodes; which, while good, are not effective, because they are neither sufficiently developed nor conclusive. In my opinion, it is only the intense dramatic interest in the scene which saves the situation.

The opera is decidedly a step in advance of *Andrea Chenier*, and the second, and part of the last act, reveal greater force of conception than the composer's previous operas; but, on the whole, the opera does not show a great wealth of invention or inspiration, and the music frequently suggests reminiscences.

As to the execution, it could scarcely have been better, with the exception of some trepidation on the part of the protagonist, Mme. Stehle, owing to its being her first appearance in this new and difficult rôle. Garbin was superb, and showed himself equal to every exigency of the dramatic part of Loris.

The nocturne was admirably rendered by the well-known pianist, Prof. Fatuo, whose sentimental interpretation had its share in the success of the evening.

Every honor is due to Maestro Lombardi for the careful preparation and accuracy in every detail of the performance.

R. H. TUTTLE.

WHY "IL TROVATORE" BECAME POPULAR.

The story is told that while Verdi was putting the finishing touches on "Il Trovatore," he was visited by a privileged friend, one of the ablest Italian musicians and critics.

The maestro permitted him to glance over the newly made score, played him the "Anvil Chorus" on the piano, and asked for an opinion.

"Trash!" replied the critic and connoisseur, tersely.

Verdi chuckled, rubbed his hands, and played on.

"Now hear this," he requested; and this—and this."

"Rubbish!" snorted the critical one.

Verdi jumped up and embraced him. "My dear friend," he cried, "do not be surprised at my strange joy. I have been composing a 'popular' opera. In it I resolved to please everybody, except the wise judges and classicists like you. Had I pleased you, I would have pleased no one else; what you say, assures my success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung, roared, whistled and hand-organised all over Italy."

And so it was!

WHY THE ADVERTISING PAYS.

Mr. P. J. Meahl writes from Chicago: "Mrs. Clara Murray wishes me to tell you that the very first issue of the consolidated papers brought her a pupil. A dealer saw her card, wrote for terms and sent his daughter to Chicago to take harp lessons from Mrs. Murray."

I have heard of a number of similar cases.

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The Boston "Transcript" says that the Italians consider opera solely in relation to their sensuous emotions; the French as producing pleasures more or less akin to those of the table, the Spaniards mainly as a vehicle for dancing, and the Englishman as an expensive, but not unprofitable way of demonstrating financial prosperity. In other words, the Italian might be said to hear through what is euphemistically called his heart; the Frenchman through his palate, the Spaniard through his toes, the German through his brain, and the Englishman through his pocket.

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KATHERINE FISK IN DENVER.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 9, 1899.

The Tuesday Musical Club concert this evening proved a most enjoyable and delightful affair. The audience was a large one, completely filling the seating capacity of the Baptist Church, and comprised the wealth, beauty and culture of Denver's Four Hundred. The occasion which brought out so many of the society and musical people was the first appearance here of Mrs. Katherine Fisk, the charming and accomplished contralto singer of Chicago. Mrs. Fisk's presence, melodious voice, artistic singing all through the evening's song-recital, proved perfectly entrancing. She apparently has perfect control of her vocal organs; while her articulation is superb, a true model to copy after. Her expression is beyond criticism, absolutely perfect. Her self-possession, easy, graceful manners, tasteful dress and general captivating appearance carried her entire audience off their feet. No such perfect singing has been heard in Denver this year, and we much doubt if ever before. Really, after the winter's experiences in hearing singers strain their vocal chords beyond all reasonable tension, and tremulating every bone, nerve and sinew of their bodies, it certainly was refreshing to hear some one sing who knows how to use the voice, and possess the musical temperament to sing intelligently, melodiously and artistically well. Mrs. Fisk accomplished all this.

Miss Hattie Louise Sims, the very efficient director of the club, appeared perfectly at home in her position, directing the bevy of handsome ladies, all gowned in white, composing the chorus, with ease, firmness and grace.

The first chorus had the accompaniment of piano and organ, but for some reason did not seem to work harmoniously and sympathetically together; but the other choruses made ample amends.

"Love's Dream" was beautifully and artistically sung; and, to my mind, if a slight swell had been made on the last word, the effect would have been materially enhanced.

JAMES M. TRACY.

MUSIC HALL SINGERS.

A curious statistician has been looking up the records of the young women who sing in the Berlin music halls. He finds that there are two hundred of these young ladies. Their ages run from seven to forty years. Thirty-six were originally dressmakers, twenty-two were cooks, eighteen tradeswomen, ten governesses, six "professors," seven have done so many things that they can't be classified, twelve were comedians, twenty were ballet dancers or chorus girls, twelve coryphees, and forty-five have always been music hall singers. Thirty-five of them are married, twenty-one divorced, nine abandoned by their husbands, twenty-four are widows; and the rest, the majority, have had no marital experience.

Why Not Americans?—The Spaniards have taken to importing German conductors, in place of Italians. Among the latest who have received invitations to Madrid are Zumpe, of Schwerin, and Dr. Muck, of Berlin.

Russian Baritone.—Early in March a recital will be given here by a Russian baritone, R. Ivanovitch Warlich, of St. Petersburg. Mr. Warlich, who is engaged to sing at one of the Waldorf-Astoria concerts in April, will be heard in German, French, English and Russian songs.

Delna in Paris.—Delna won another triumph at the Opéra in her second début as Dalila in M. Saint-Saëns' masterpiece. Her success was even greater than in the rôle of Fidès. She sang finely throughout. As an actress, however, Delna is much less satisfactory.

Perosi's Plans.—One of the Abbé Perosi's oratorios, of which there has been much talk of late, will, it was yesterday decided, be heard for the first time in London, in the course of the "Musical Festival," organized by Mr. Robert Newman, at Queen's Hall, London, during the second week of May. This work is "The Resurrection of Lazarus," which was produced only recently at Rome, and is to be given early in March in Paris. Its companion oratorio, "The Passion of Christ," is reserved for the Norwich Festival in October.

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THE WEEK'S OPERA.

"DIE WALKÜRE."

The second of the Wagner cycle operas, "Die Walküre," was given on Thursday afternoon of last week, with Mme. Brema as Brünnhilde, Frau Schumann-Heink as Fricka and Waltraute, Mme. Eames as Sieglinde, Meynheer Van Rooy as Wotan, Mr. Bispham as Hunding, and Herr Dippel as Siegmund.



MME. BREMA.

The last-mentioned rôle was to have been undertaken by M. Van Dyck, but his indisposition interfered, and so Herr Dippel substituted him very ably as the hapless hero. Of course, M. Van Dyck's conception is more subtle and complete; but the younger man made up in earnestness and energy what he lacked in mental grasp. His singing of the love-song in the first act was particularly sympathetic.

Frau Schumann-Heink is always wonderful; Mme. Eames was mellifluous and enticing; and Mme. Brema proved conclusively that by dint of hard work she has conquered her vocal limitations sufficiently to become one of our best Brünnhildes. Mr. Bispham and Meynheer Van Rooy are unsurpassable. Herr Schalk conducted with acumen and enthusiasm.

"NARTHA."

Flotow's tuneful and popular opera was given on Friday evening, exactly two years after the eventful evening when, in the same work, Castelmarty dropped dead in the second act. Some of the singers were said to be superstitious last Friday; but of this nothing was evident in the performance, which went off without a hitch, and with plenty of dash and humor. Mme. Sembrich was in wonderful voice, and her singing of Ariditi's "Parla" at the close of her opera won demonstrative applause from even her colleagues. M. Edouard de Reszke, Signor Carbone, Signor Salignac and Mme. Mantelli were all excellent, and aided materially in enlivening an opera that, pretty as its music, seems a trifle flat at times for our erudite public, saturated with Wagner. M. Edouard de Reszke was so overjoyed at the absence of all mishap on the fateful even-

ing, that, just as the curtain went down, he executed a *pas seul* that was meant for the people on the stage, but was seen and enjoyed by many of the auditors.

"LES HUGUENOTS."

There were two changes in the advertised cast of "Les Huguenots" on Saturday afternoon.

M. Jean de Reszke was substituted by Signor Ceppi, and Mme. Suzanne Adams by Mme. Marie Engle.

The first change was not a successful one, Signor Ceppi seeming singularly restrained and ill at ease. His singing also left much to be desired.

Mme. Engle was most satisfactory as Marguerite de Valois. Her coloratura is surpassed only by Mme. Sembrich, of her colleagues.

M. Plançon as St. Bris, and M. Albers as De Nevers were also singled out by the audience for exceptional applause.

"TANNHÄUSER."

Saturday evening "Tannhäuser" was given, with M. Van Dyck in the leading rôle. He gave so impassioned a performance that he aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Mme. Saville sang Elizabeth, and surprised the audience by the dignity and charm of her rendition.

"FAUST."

"Faust" was given on Monday, and spite of the blizzard, a large audience assembled. The cast included Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Mme. Eames, Mme. Mantelli and Signor Campanari.

"SIEGFRIED."

The bad weather did not deter the lovers of Wagner from the matinée on Tuesday, when "Siegfried" was given as the third performance of the afternoon cyclis.

Herr Dippel was the Siegfried, and sang with remarkable spirit. Mr. Bispham was Alberich.

The scene that aroused the greatest interest and enthusiasm was the one between M. Van Rooy as Wotan and Mme. Schumann-Heink as Erda.

Mme. Nordica's Brünnhilde deepened the conviction that she is developing all the time, and gaining in dramatic intensity.

"AIDA."

"Lucia" was announced for Wednesday night; but on account of Mme. Sembrich's sickness, "Aida" was substituted, with Mme. Nordica as the heroine, and Signor Ceppi as Rhadames.

Mme. Nordica won a deserved triumph, though the rôle is not especially fitted to her.

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

On Thursday afternoon "Götterdämmerung" was given as the fourth of the afternoon cyclis series.

Clarence Eddy.—This distinguished organist is now giving a series of recitals in Chicago, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities. He will return to his home, in Paris, in May.

An Innovation.—Mme. Saville, the prima donna of the opera, has given society a new fad in the shape of a musicale on Sunday afternoon in a fashionable ball-room. After the singing was over, tea and light refreshments were served.

Aramenti Company Starts.—The Aramenti Concert Company, consisting of Mme. Julia Aramenti, soprano; Miss Ella Neilson, pianist, and Mr. Victor Kúzdö, violinist, left New York last week for its long annual tour through the West. The company traveled over twelve thousand miles last season, and expect to repeat this achievement, for they have booked enough engagements to last almost until summer.

The Latest Phenomenon.—Margarethe Fluegge is the latest phenomenon in the musical world. This young woman is a born artist. She hails from a rural district in the vicinity of Cologne, on the Rhine, and musical critics call her the Paganini of the harp. Fraulein Fluegge cannot be induced to appear before an audience in full dress, and she insists on playing in the finest theatres of the continent in the plain and simple garb of a woman of the middle class of Cologne.

Not Traditional.—One of the famous singers at the Metropolitan Opera House was asked by Mr. Grau, last week, if she objected to having the programme so changed that a certain other prima donna's name could appear first. The singer replied, "I don't think that my place on the programme will make me the least bit greater or any less important. Put my name where you please. It depends on the way I sing and act what share I take in the performance." This answer was so unexpected that Grau sent out for a *crème de minthe bien frappé*.

Seven Dollars for Opera.—The first \$7 performance of the present opera season will take place next Monday evening. Then "Les Huguenots" will be sung by the most brilliant cast that has appeared in the work this season. Mme. Sembrich will sing Marguerite de Valois for the first time during the season, and for what, Manager Grau announces, will be the only time during the winter. M. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Plançon and Maurel, and Mmes. Nordica and Mantelli will be the other singers.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC MORNING.

About fifty persons braved the weather and transportation conditions on last Monday morning, in order to be present at the "Musical and Dramatic Morning," given in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria by M. Henri Albers, baritone of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, and M. Leon Jancy, member of the Théâtre National de l'Odéon, Paris.

The programme consisted of six songs, done by M. Henri Albers (Air d'Anacreon, Grétry; Les Larmes, E. Reyer; Good Night, Nicolai; Un Cœur d'Enfant, William Coenen; Chant Provençal, J. Massenet; and Barcarolle, Auber), and of a monologue, "Broken Heart," recited by M. Leon Jancy, and characterized on the programme as a "Quartetto Sentimental," verses by M. Roger Milés, music by M. Jules Bouval; the whole under the artistic direction of M. Th. Chartran.

The poet begins his soliloquy somewhat paradoxically. He says, "Why should I repeat the romance of my life?" then promptly proceeds to relate it throughout thirty very sentimental stanzas.

It seems to have been much as the lives of other poets, with a deal of foolishness, a surfeit of love, and most illogical despair over the falseness of woman.

Fashionably dressed, on a stage framed with silk screens, and in a luxurious hall fitted in pink and gold, M. Leon Jancy had the decided disadvantage of rather unconvincing surroundings.

However, he succeeded in interesting his hearers in himself, for seldom was there an actor so polished in diction, so refined in gesture and action as M. Leon Jancy. His methods represent all that is best in the histrionic traditions of Paris.

Intermittent moments of music by the violin, the violoncello, the harp, and the hautboy, illustrated various painful periods of the poet's life.

The composer did his work well, for the music at no time takes one's attention from the poem.

M. Albers is a salon singer, *par excellence*. His programme contained sufficient variety for an exposition of many styles, and in all of them he showed himself thoroughly at home. M. Albers sings with the confidence and ease of an artist who knows perfectly the almost limitless resources of his vocal technic. Whether it be in lyrical or dramatic moments, his glorious voice responds to the least or greatest demands.

In his concert songs, there is not the slightest suggestion that this is the man who sings Kurwenal, accompanied by the blatant Wagner orchestra, and makes the mountain echoes ring with the Toreador song in "Carmen."

A most artistic pair, this M. Leon Jancy and M. Henri Albers.

The intrepid fifty applauded right heartily.

LEONARD LIEBLING.

SECOND MARCHESI RECITAL.

The second song-recital given by Mme. Blanche Marchesi, on Wednesday of last week, at Mendelssohn Hall, again attracted a very large audience.

With the exception of a different programme, Mme. Marchesi offered nothing on this occasion which was not fully discussed after her first concert.

The same vocal shortcomings were evident, but also her rare musical discernment and brilliant interpretative powers.

The programme, constructed with a special view to chronological relation, revealed considerable historical knowledge. It consisted of the following numbers: Schubert's "Non t'accostar all'urna," Bach's "Willst du dein Herz," an air from Haydn's "Orfeo," Scarlatti's "Le Viollette," an eighteenth century song ("Cet étang qui s'entend"), Liszt's "Lorelei," Cornelius' "Ein Ton," Brahms' "Sandmännchen," Charpentier's "Complainte," Fauré's "En Prière," Massenet's "Bonne Nuit," Delibes' "Myrto," and Schumann's "Die Löwenbraut."

A Busy Tenor.—Mc. Mackenzie Gordon is assuredly one of New York's very busiest tenors. In one week recently he sang at the Banks Glee Club concert, at a musicale in Albany, three in New York, in "The Persian Garden" in Brooklyn, and in the same song cycle at Miss Callender's musicale in honor of Mme. Emma Eames.

Seidl Society.—The Seidl Society, of Brooklyn, will give an orchestral concert, with eminent soloists, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on the evening of Tuesday, March 28, in commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Mr. Seidl. Since Mr. Seidl's death this namesake society of his has given but one concert, that a memorial one, last spring. The coming concert will combine several features that will recall Mr. Seidl's association with Brooklyn people, and the orchestra will be composed of former members of the Seidl organization. The Seidl Society will give a concert each year on the anniversary of the death of Mr. Seidl.



It is rumored that Joachim has seriously declared it his intention never again to publicly perform the Beethoven concerto. This seems to be a semi-official announcement. In any case, it is a sad one; for those who have never heard the great master in his inimitable interpretation of Beethoven, cannot possibly appreciate how sublimely pure are his musical ideas, and with what religious devotion he invariably attempts to reveal the subtlest beauties of Beethoven's immortal fiddle creation.

Of course, it is not difficult to appreciate just why Joachim has arrived at such a decision. He is far advanced in years, and both his fingers and his bow-arm frequently refuse to do his bidding. Technically, his performance of the Beethoven concerto can no longer be the blemishless piece of art-work he was wont to make it in his earlier years. And though, intellectually, he still stands alone among the splendid fiddlers of the age, his playing is often marred by technical defects, which, in his earlier career, the most hypercritical critic failed to discover.

* * *

Regarding the Bach sonatas, Joachim seems to have expressed no similar intention. It has often been to me a matter of great wonderment that Joachim, who has always stood unrivaled in his interpretations of Bach's music, seems content to leave to posterity only the memory of his matchless performances. It is true, David has conscientiously revised and edited the sonatas, and his edition is most generally used in European schools, and is regarded, more or less, as authoritative. But Joachim,



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an infinitely superior artist—and, without doubt, the highest living authority on Bach's fiddle compositions—should certainly leave us more than the memory of his glorious ideas. At any rate, all earnest students of the violin are justified in expecting Joachim to leave us a Joachim edition of the sonatas. Indeed, it is a duty which Joachim owes the musical world. Whether or no he has thought of the matter in this light, it is impossible even to conjecture. It is to be hoped, however, that, in his declining years, he may be spurred on to what would assuredly prove one of the noblest ambitions of his life.

* * *

When American students make up their minds to go abroad, they have no conception of the many American comforts they relinquish, and the numerous annoying discomforts they are compelled to endure in the Fatherland. Our present "cold wave" suggests one of the most mournful and irritating discomforts of a German home.

Have you ever seen a German stove? It is a perennially staring monument, about eight feet in height, and about two and a half feet in breadth. Most frequently it is made of porcelain. The stranger regards this tombstone-like affair with a feeling akin to reverential awe; that is, until the cold weather has set in, and actual need arises for artificial warmth. But let us try to imagine the poor fiddler's or pianist's feelings at 9 o'clock of a cold morning in Berlin.

Early in the morning, wood and coal are thrust into this sullen, staring monument, and when the fire has gained some headway, the little iron door is locked for the day, and—your imagination does the rest. But if you have no imagination, the discomfort is serious, if not actually great.

The early morning hours are lost, for it is impossible to practice with stiffened fingers. Visions of grate-fires and steam-heat arise on such occasions; and the poor American—well, he settles down to a peculiar diagnosis of the German's modern idea of how not to heat a room.

And this suggests to me that other "peculiar" institutions exist in the Fatherland worthy of an American student's consideration before he gives up his comfortable American home for the much-lauded advantages of a European education.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

Celebrated 'Cellist Dead.—Gottmann, a 'cellist, of great reputation and a composer of note, recently died at Frankfurt, in his seventy-fifth year.

A New Violinist.—Mr. Felix Gross, a violinist from Vienna, will make his American debut at an orchestral concert at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday evening, February 21. He will play as his principal number Bruch's Concerto in G minor, and will be assisted by the Metropolitan orchestra. Mr. Gross comes to America with high recommendations. He is a nephew of Carl Goldmark, the composer.



Paris Chambers, the well-known solo cornetist, made his first appearance with Ernest Neyer's Seventh Regiment Band recently at the Star Theatre, New York, the occasion being the annual entertainment of St. Cecil Lodge. Mr. Chambers played the "Holy City" with splendid effect; so much so that the audience were not satisfied until he responded to their applause, which he did by playing "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky."

Langor, Me., has an excellent band, numbering thirty-five pieces. Since Director Ellis Woods has taken this band in hand he has done much in bringing it to where it is to-day.

The regimental band of the Thirteenth Infantry, Minnesota Volunteers, has made a decided hit in Manila. It is quite the fashionable thing in Manila to attend concerts given by this band; and all the foreign population and the upper class of natives turn out whenever the Minnesota band is scheduled to play. This band has become so popular that invitations to play, not only in the public parks, but also for the officers of warships is extended to them frequently—quite an honor for an infantry band.

Frederick T. Harms, the musical director, who went to Wheeling, W. Va., to fill a season's engagement, has become quite a favorite with the musicians of that city, and his success has been most flattering. Mr. Harms' many friends in New York will be pleased to hear of his success.

Mr. Charles Pürner, composer of "The Pyramids" and other works, and who has been a musical director in theatres of this city for many years, is now devoting his time to orchestral arrangements and writing incidental music for new plays.

When Gus Teets, formerly leader of the State Theatre orchestra, Brooklyn, told his friends that he was going to leave the City of Churches, to locate in Toledo, O., they did not believe him; but, nevertheless, he meant what he said, and to-day he is successfully filling the director's chair at Burt's Theatre, Toledo, where he has become a fast favorite with the management.

As Usual.—It did not surprise many musical persons to read recently in the columns of the New York "Herald" that Mme. Sembrich would sing a "new" waltz by Ardit, entitled "Parla," at the close of the performance of "Martha" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

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Some persons are very unjust in their criticisms of pianists. Extraneous factors in the performance of a singer, a violinist, or a violoncellist are always taken into consideration; but the poor pianist is judged solely by the specific effects he produces.

A singer with a cold, or one who is hampered by acoustic drawbacks; a violinist whose instrument is poor, or who is annoyed on a damp day by the "howling" of his strings; a violoncellist whose tone is drowned in the roar of a great orchestra—all these are excused by even an unmusical audience.

But the pianist?

In the first place, he seldom plays the same piano at different concerts. Once it is a hard-actioned, again an easy-actioned, instrument. The pedals are never exactly alike on different pianos. The quality of tone varies even more, and so does the volume of sound.

Of course, I am not speaking of the few favored players whose tours are honored by the great piano houses with a special piano and an expert tuner; but of the rank and file, many of whom practise at home on an "upright," and are glad to get even a second-rate "grand" from the local agent, so long as it costs nothing.

Would it not be well to remember these things when estimating a pianist's worth, and slightly to temper criticism with justice?

A lady said to me last week: "Why do you write that there are no pianists in New York?"

"Because they give no recitals."

"Do you know why?"

"No—but they do, presumably."

"Because they feel they have nothing new to show our public, after Rosenthal and Sauer."

If it be the cause of so very few minor recitals this season, the coming of these two artists is certainly to be deplored.

The playing of a great pianist should stimulate, not discourage, his colleagues.

We cannot all be Rosenthals or Sauers, but we can all be ourselves.

Whatever a man does with his whole heart and soul he generally does well, and there are many persons that can appreciate the lesser pianists, even though they do not play the Chopin "Minute" waltz in thirds, and the Schumann "Toccata" without lagging.

In J. T. Cowdery's newly published and useful "Music Directory and Musicians' Register, of Greater New York," I find some interesting statistics. There are enumerated 359 pianists, 888 teachers of the piano and 47 music critics. From these figures I glean that it is very nearly twice as easy to teach the piano as to play it yourself, and that there are only 7 and 30-47 times as many pianists as there are critics. I wonder who is the 30-47 of a critic?

LEONARD LIEBLING.

Art and Age.—The solo performer at the New York concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next week will be Lady Hallé, formerly known as Wilma Neruda, and later as Mme. Norman-Neruda. Lady Hallé comes to us on the eve of her sixtieth birthday; but is said to play with the same technical finish and noble breadth that were always her dominant artistic traits.

Music in Rome.—Count San Martino, who has done much to raise the level of modern art and music in Italy, is head of the ancient Society of St. Cecilia, founded in 1584 by Palestrina. During the last three years, the Count has arranged large concerts, at which the following great artists have been heard: Paderewski, Fanny Davies, Emil Sauer, Diémer, Sarasate, Joachim, Isaye, Thomson, Widor, Eddy, and also the famous quartet clubs of Rosé, Halin and the Bohemians. The St. Cecilia has increased its library from 4,000 volumes to 115,000, and has opened its doors to the works of young composers, home talent not barred: Where is New York's Count San Martino?

BURMESTER TALKS.

He Likes American Women and American Beefsteaks.

All the great artists talk a good deal for publication; but few of them manage to get as much wisdom into so few remarks as did Willy Burmester recently in the course of an interview. "It will not take me very long to give you my opinion on Paganini's influence," he said; "because in two words I can place him as a composer—he was the Liszt of the violin. To-day we are all his followers, but we do not go beyond him. I do everything that can be done on the violin, and it's a heritage in method which Paganini left us. And yet I did not make a great impression myself. If I had had the lights in the Auditorium (Chicago) turned out, had had a yellow face, a long nose and a Mephistophelian beard, that audience would have gone wild. There are always many in the audience I feel in sympathy with, but I have to look up; they sit in the galleries." In conclusion, Burmester paid America a deserved compliment for two of her best products—"Your American women are delightful, and your American beefsteaks are delicious."

HIS BROTHER.

An Unwelcome Assistant at a Concert.

Clifford Hallé, son of the late famous pianist, Sir Charles Hallé, tells this amusing story about himself:

"I recollect a funny thing that occurred in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, when I was traveling through that country as a baritone singer. The night was warm, and the main entrance to the hall was left open for the passage of fresh air. I had already sung a few numbers, and was doing a ballad well known in that part of the world, entitled 'Thou Art Passing Hence, My Brother.' As I reached the concluding words, 'brother, brother,' my voice died away appropriately, and everybody seemed spellbound, when a full-grown donkey stuck his head in at the door and brayed, 'Ye-haw—w-w! ye-haw—w-w!' seemingly in answer to my words. The orchestra went to pieces, the audience howled with mirth, and the effect of my touching song was spoiled entirely. The violinist came up to me later, and said: 'Hallé, I say, if you expect to make a success of this South African tour, you must keep your relatives away from the front door.'"

An Anomaly.—Mme. Sembrich is said to possess a collection of jewels valued at \$200,000. And, strange to say, they have not yet been stolen or lost. What is the matter with her press agent?

Opera by Perosi.—It is announced that Don Lorenzo Perosi, the successful young priest-composer of Italy, has definitely decided to write an opera to a libretto furnished by Giuseppe Giacosa. The work is to be called "Giuditta," and its subject is Biblical.

Newark Concert.—Miss Florence Wilcox, soprano of Trinity Church, Newark, gave a very successful song-recital recently, in Association Hall. Miss Wilcox made a special hit with a "Spring Song," by Weil. She was assisted by Otto K. Schill, violin; Hans Kronold, cello, and Henry Hall Duncklee, piano. The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and flowers and recalls were plentiful.

Seidl Commemoration.—The memory of Anton Seidl is to be honored by those of the artists of the Grau Opera Company who knew him and worked with him. A commemorative performance of "Siegfried" has been decided upon, to take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 18. M. Jean de Reszke will be Siegfried, and M. Edouard de Reszke the Wanderer. In all probability Mme. Nordica will be Brünnhilde. It is not stated what will be done with the receipts.

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Los Angeles Lucky.—Prof. A. J. Davis, organist of Temple Emanuel, New York for twenty-six years, is in Los Angeles, and likes the beautiful city so much that he intends to make his home there. He has already had several lucrative offers as organist in church.

Mulligan Recitals.—Mr. William Edward Mulligan is continuing his interesting and successful organ-recitals at St. Mark's Church, New York. At the latest, on February 5, he was ably assisted by Miss Alice Merritt, Miss Clara A. Jewell, Mrs. Caroline Mihr-Hardy, Mr. John C. Dempsey, and others.

Opera in Brooklyn.—The Grau Opera Company sang "Romeo and Juliette" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Thursday of last week, before an extremely numerous and enthusiastic audience. In the cast were Mme. Suzanne Adams, MM. Saléza, Albers and Plançon, of whom the gracious young American singer carried off the main honors.

A Costly Lunch.—Jean de Reszke accepted an invitation to lunch with some friends a few days ago. He lunched well, for he loves good living. In going from the house of his host to his carriage, he caught cold, and has not been able to sing since. As he has thus missed two performances, his lunch cost him exactly \$4,505.00. That is, \$4,400.00 which he lost by not singing, \$100 for a doctor and \$5.00 for a carriage.

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In Paris "Musical America" can be had at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera.

Telephone Number, 550—18th Street.

New York, February 18, 1899.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

Chapter IV.—Meeting the Profession.

If there was one thing that had been dinned into my ears for some years past, it was the anxiety of the profession to support a good, honest musical paper.

This is literally true of some, a few, especially those who have reached a position where they are in large measure independent of the press, having won their way to success by unquestioned ability, supported by years of good, honest, hard work.

Then there are some who have a clear and well-defined sense of obligation, and consider it but just to contribute what they can to support a paper that is of service to them, however slight that service may be.

But with the majority of the teachers, singers and players the case is very different.

Their idea of personal obligation is as small as their demand upon an editor's time and space is large.

A few of the experiences I made with these good people are sufficiently interesting to be recalled, especially as they illustrate some of the difficulties with which the editor of a musical paper has to contend.

* * *

I had started an editorial one morning about half-past 9, and by 11 o'clock, thanks to constant interruptions, had managed to write, perhaps, a dozen lines, when a caller was announced in the person of Miss Adele Lewing.

I had heard of Miss Lewing as a worthy musician, a composer of talent, and a pianist of very considerable ability.

Being seated, the lady commenced:

"I have come to see you to tell you I like the new paper very much. You take contributions?"

"You see I wish to support the paper. You pay how much the column? I have much of interest that I could contribute. Yes; I write sometimes."

"I really must subscribe! But you give to professionals the paper at half-price. Not so? Hein? I do not wish to pay now, but in March—and then, too, I shall only want it for four months. The season is then over."

"I have some notices which you might bring of a concert at which I played in New Jersey. Here they are. Of course, if I subscribe, you will bring the notices?"

"My dear madame," said I, "your proposition practically

amounts to this: You wish me to publish a column and a half of your notices for fifty cents, which you propose to pay—in March!"

* * *

On another occasion, I was honored by a visit from Mlle. Hortense Devries, who had recently come from the West to enter upon a professional career here. She broke by the small Cerberus who guards my editorial sanctum, rushed in and exclaimed:

"Ah! my dear Meester Freund! I am so delight to meet you! It ees a pleasure! Such a charmeeng paper as you make! I haf' say to my fren': 'We mus' all subscribe to zat charmeeng paper.' And here, you see, I haf' bring you twenty-two subscribare, all my mos' intine fren'. Oh! I cannot you explain how mooch I like the artickle of zat charmeeng Monsieur Leebleng. He ees great critique! Vraiment!"

"Ah! you see I haf' not good memory. I had near forget. Here is my portrait. You shall give it in your charmeeng paper. You like eet?"

"An' here is a book of all my critiques. You can write a joli article about me. An' then I shall show zat to all my fren', an' they will be enchanté wiz your aimabilité."

"What pity! I haf' forget ze money for ze subscription. But, nevare mind, you will publeesh ze portrait, an' zen I will come an' pay for all ze subscription. N'est ce pas?"

* * *

I think it was the very same day that I was also honored by a call from Mrs. De Jonge Levett, "prima donna soprano," who has an excellent reputation as a singer, and is a lady of evident refinement.

She came into my sanctum with a look of reproach. The following conversation then took place:

"You know, my picture in your paper——"

"Picture?"

"Yes; the picture in my advertisement."

"Oh!"

"All my friends say it does not look a bit like me; and in the last number there was a black spot over one eye——"

"Madame! The printer! I assure you that printer gives me sleepless nights. Perhaps it was only in the copy you received. Here, boy! Bring me a copy of the last issue. There, madame! There is no spot in that——"

"But, I assure you there was a spot in my copy; and all my friends——"

"I am so sorry."

"But, besides—I don't like that picture."

"It was taken from a photograph you sent us."

"I know that; but you see they don't wear their hair like that now, and——"

"My dear madame! I will do anything in the world to please the ladies; but, honestly, if I have to change all the portraits in the advertisements every time the fashion in hair-dressing changes, it will bankrupt me in one season."

* * *

"Say, sir," whispered one of my office boys, "there's a man outside says he won't pay for his subscription."

"Why not?"

"He says you gave him a bad notice last week, and——"

"Arrah, get out!"

JOHN C. FREUND.

Organ Recitals.—Frederick Archer's free organ recitals in Pittsburg are always crowded. Mr. Archer has few equals, though at times his playing is too flashy to suit serious musicians.

Samuel S. Sanford.—One of the leading amateur pianists in the country is Mr. Samuel S. Sanford, of Bridgeport, Conn., professor of applied music at Yale. He appeared last week at the eleventh concert of the Oratorio Society at Bridgeport, and played Liszt's E flat concerto.

Brooklyn Institute.—The second popular concert of the Brooklyn Institute last week presented as soloists Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Dudley Buck, Jr., and Miss Gaertner. Mme. Zeissler played the Beethoven Sonata (opus 111) with wonderful technic and inspiration. Mr. Dudley Buck, Jr., is a dramatic singer of considerable force. He is scarcely fitted for the concert stage, however. He will find his proper place in opera. Mme. Gaertner, the 'cellist, played an andante by Schumann and a polonaise by Popper acceptably.

EAMES' PRESS AGENT.

Emma Eames, wife of the artist Story, and a great artist in her own right, sat before the fire in her handsome suite in the Marie Antoinette.

She looked very handsome, did this prima donna; but there was a frown on her face.

It was not the storm outside that disturbed her, nor was it anything in the way of an unfavorable notice; neither had she had trouble with her husband, nor with her mother.

What was it that caused the beautiful lips to curve and the brows to knit, as she looked at a little, meek, stout man, who sat, with clasped hands, on the sofa near her?

"Michaels," said she, as she finally broke the silence, "this cannot go on any longer. I am afraid we must part. The other press agents are getting ahead of you."

"In this morning's papers there is not a word about me. There's a story about Nordica, several about Saville, one about Engle and one about Suzanne Adams; and, as for Sembrich and Lehmann, they are simply getting columns; especially Lehmann, with her absurd theories about Maurel as a stage manager and her crusade against women wearing feathers."

"I am afraid, my dear Michaels, you are no longer 'in it.' You are getting old."

"Ah, most enchanting of soprani assoluti!" gasped Michaels, "do not send me away. You know you said you did not want any clap-trap printed about yourself, and your 'notices' have been just lovely. There's——"

"Never mind the notices, mon ami," interposed the prima donna, as she threw a kiss to her husband, who was finishing a boiled egg. "I want it understood that I can lose my jewelry as well as la Saville; and if Story can't sing like Nordica's husband, he can paint——"

"Give me one last chance! most illustrious," murmured Michaels. "I am going to sup to-night with some friends. I will eat broiled live lobster, welsh rarebit and fried onions. I will drink whiskey and Bass' ale, and——"

"Don't come near us for a month!" gasped Story.

"I will dream," continued Michaels. "I will have an item for the papers——"

"In the way of an obituary?" sneered the great singer.

"No, madame," resumed Michaels. "While I am ready to perish in your service, still it will not be yet. I will evolve——"

"Remember," said the beautiful Eames, "the papers must be full of it. I can stand no rivalry—even if it costs you your life!"

* * *

On Wednesday last, all the dailies contained an elaborate story, illustrated, of course, of a dinner given by Mme. Eames to Jean and Edouard de Reszke.

At this dinner, instead of the roast, a real, live colored baby was served in a silver dish.

When Jean saw this baby, so the story stated, he sang "Salve, dimora, casta e pura;" while Edouard sang "Du bist verrückt, mein kind!"

At this the colored baby arose and sang, "All tenors look alike to me."

* * *

"Not so bad," said Mme. Eames, as she handed the morning paper to her husband. "I guess that will knock out all Nordica's ghost stories, and those of Saville, Engle, Lehmann, Adams and the rest. But where is Michaels?"

"Ah! dearest," said Story, "he lies, a victim to his devotion to you, in St. Luke's Hospital. Some say it was the welsh rarebits, some say it was the broiled lobster. I think it was—the whiskey."

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AN OPERA BALLET REHEARSAL.

It was high noon, and a brilliant, sunlit noon at that, a few days ago, when the writer happened into the Metropolitan Opera House, and found a rehearsal, "Les Huguenots," in progress, with Sig. Mancinelli conducting, and on the stage Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Maurel, Plançon, Lehmann, Mantelli, Adams and a host of others, all in street costume, hard at work on the second act of Meyerbeer's opera.

The brilliant sunlight without made the representative of MUSICAL AMERICA blind, so to speak, when he reached the vast auditorium, now so solemn without its bustling audience; the half-daylight from the stage, and the struggling electricity from the orchestra, only helped to make the scene more obscure.

And down in the front rows of the parquette, where one usually sees such a fashionable array of humanity, there appeared nothing but some half a hundred circles of white.

They looked like half a hundred white peacocks, with their tails at best advantage.

The gloomy interior of the big Opera House became less severe. Sig. Mancinelli was arguing with the musicians and with those on the stage; now and then some mortal appeared from somewhere in the auditorium, passed by, and went on about his business.

But that array of white circles in the parquette!

An investigation proved that it was naught but the ballet girls resting.

A closer inspection, with a side view, found that the seeming display of white peacock tails was but the dresses of these women, who had come out into the parquette, to await their recall to the stage for further rehearsal.

It was a unique sight, nevertheless, when, on passing down toward the stage, behind the brass rail, the feminine faces appeared in front of the ballet skirts, with a series of pink legs filling the space between the seats.

After a time, and while Sig. Mancinelli was still arguing with the musicians and the singers, the ballet girls, like the dancers in "Robert le Diable," arose quietly, and found their way to the stage, where, under the direction of Sig. Luigi Albertieri, they finished their part in the rehearsal of "Les Huguenots."

As soon as this share of the day's work was over, the ballet girls hurried upstairs through the dark passageways of the Opera House to the room where the Vaudeville Club held sway in all its glory not long ago, at the Thirty-ninth street and Broadway corner of the building.

Sig. Albertieri had preceded them, and Sig. Amedeo Ongania was busy at the piano with some of his own improvisations.

Away went the conventional ballet skirts, discarded were the tight bodices; and within five minutes the ballet was ready for luncheon, dressed in their every-day rehearsal costumes—which, though brief to gaze upon, would take volumes to thoroughly describe.

Then luncheon was in order; and, grouped about here and there, they discussed all sorts of eatables from home, according to their nationalities.

Robed, or rather disrobed, as they were, they were free to enjoy themselves; and the merry sunlight, which never finds its way into the great auditorium which the world knows as the Metropolitan Opera House; streamed in through the windows of the Vaudeville Club Hall and made the situation as jolly as you please.

But a ballet girl cannot always discuss luncheon as long as she'd like to, and it seemed but a short time before Sig. Albertieri asserted himself.

The ballet came to order with the promptness of a regimental company preparing for guard mount.

And then followed the informal rehearsal of the ballet in Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète." The production of this opera was not to take place for a week or more, but Sig. Albertieri was taking no chances on the perfection of his part of the production; and, while Sig. Onganani played, the girls, in their informal costumes, worked hard.

As previously stated, there was about half a hundred of them, and the majority were pretty.

They represented many nations.

Here are a few names which tell, more plainly than other words can tell, the nativity of the girls in the ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House: Paolina Guissani, Marie Stainsberg, Marie Mendongi, Firmina Lucca, Jennie Prager, Helinda Liglioli, Elizabeth McCraow, Emma Guissani, Violette Piggott and Lulu Shepard.

These dancers are all in "the first row," as the saying goes; and, aside from being handsome, are hard workers. Sig. Albertieri said they deserved much praise.

When it came time for a breathing spell, Lulu Shepard said she didn't think that the public knew how much time it took for a simple ballet girl of the grand opera of to-day to keep up to all the requirements of Sig. Albertieri.

"We must keep constantly in physical training," she continued; "and yet we must not become too athletic, as far as our nether and upper limbs and neck and bust are concerned. Athletic ballet girls of the days gone by won't do at all now; and, while it is rehearse and rehearse every

day, it won't do to become a terpsichorean machine, on the order of a human being in tights.

"And, besides, we must become imbued, so to speak, with the music we dance to. Tactics that would suit Mr. E. E. Rice in such efforts as his Red, White and Blue Ballet of a season or so ago would not be tolerated by Sig. Albertieri one moment. And, do you know, I for one, and I think there are others, feel the story of the opera in which we dance, and dance according to the suggestions of the librettists and composers.

"Yes, it is somewhat harder to dance in the grand opera than in the lighter productions," replied Miss Shepard, in answer to a question; "but the results, as far as I am concerned, are much more satisfactory. We all seem to enjoy it, even if we do have to rehearse every day, don't we, girls?"

And the dozen or more dancers who had gathered round expressed themselves in the affirmative in half a dozen or more languages.

Sig. Ongania continued asserted himself at the piano.

The ballet was called to attention and responded, making a most interesting picture.

Sig. Albertieri remarked, as he took his position before his part of the opera: "It is hard work; but they are all good girls and all young—it is so different now, than it was a few years ago."

HAL HOMISTON.

THE WAGNER CYCLUS.

W. J. Henderson, in the N. Y. Times.

To enter into the spirit of this drama in four chapters, one must be prepared to throw aside all preformed conceptions of opera, all ordinary ideas of the operatic libretto, and to follow Wagner along his new path to heights of imagination which an amusement-loving public can hardly attain. The embodiment in these dramas of the subject matter of a racial mythology embraced the introduction of a symbolism as deep as the racial thought, as broad as the racial life. Those who take the aerial flight of the Valkyrs, the killing of the dragon, the reading of the talk of birds, the surrounding of the Valkyr's rock with fire, the piercing of that fire by the young hero; and, above all, the mastery of the world of dwarfs by the lord of the Ring and the whole struggle for its possession, as the mere fancies of an age of fable, and who smile at them because of the discrepancies between their pictorial representation and Wagner's tremendous seriousness in their poetic and musical treatment—those mistake entirely their deep significance. These things were not in their original shape the pretty fancies of children, but the imaginative embodiment of the elementary aspirations and achievements of a people, and, indeed, of humanity; for they are as much older than Norse legends as the search of Jason for the Golden Fleece or the rescue of Andromeda by Perseus.

When Mascagni Composes.—Mascagni's greatest passion and delight is to conduct an orchestra, for which he himself says he has a natural talent. But what is more interesting is to watch Mascagni composing his works. His wife (Signora Lina), Mimi (his eldest boy), Dino (another son), and Emilia (his little daughter) all have their parts in it. When the maestro is feverishly writing notes and rushing to the piano to catch an inspiration, his wife follows him to and fro; while the children climb on his knees, he unconsciously running his fingers through their curls. As soon as he has fixed on a melody he gathers the children in his arms, and they all roll indiscriminately on the floor, the shouts, bumps, laughter, tears making such an uproar that at last Signora Mascagni interferes, scolding her husband, and telling him that a grave musician should give a better example to his family. She bundles away the children and he returns to his desk; but a few minutes later the scene repeats itself.

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MUSICAL CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 12, 1899.

The preparations for the coming Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund have taken a more tangible form during the past week. The contract for the building of the festival hall, which is to cost about \$36,000, has been awarded, and the work will be begun as soon as the weather permits. Just now the weather is too severe for excavating the ground. The financial question is still *in statu quo*; but the members of the Saengerfest Board confidently expect that, when the time comes, the citizens will go down in their pockets and make up the deficiency between the amount collected and the total necessary to carry out the plans of the festival. In the meantime the United Singers of Cincinnati, who will form the nucleus and the support of the great mass-chorus at the coming festival, meet every Sunday afternoon and faithfully rehearse the part songs intended for the different performances, under the able direction of Mr. Louis Ehrgott, the conductor of the Saengerfest.

The announcement that a symphonic composition by Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, written by him when he was but twenty years old, would be performed at the Symphony concert last week, created considerable stir in local musical circles. It was its first performance in Cincinnati, and the musicians and music lovers, whose curiosity had been aroused by the flaming advance notices in the daily papers, flocked to Music Hall in great numbers. The composition, which bears the title, "Symphonic Prologue to Heine's Tragedy, 'William Ratcliff,'" is quite clever, considering the fact that it was written by a young man with little or no experience in orchestration. The young composer was evidently ambitious to be even more extravagant and unconventional in his orchestral effects than Wagner and Berlioz combined. He scored his work for modern grand orchestra, including two English horns, bass clarinet, contra bassoon, two cornets, two trumpets, piano, harp, cymbal, small and big drums, triangle, tam-tam and two bells. Fortunately, anvils and cannons were not included. There are a few pretty motives in the composition, and the hand of a master could have woven them together into a work of more than ordinary merit. But the hand of the master was lacking, and the young and inexperienced composer was not equal to the task which he had undertaken. In spite of the gorgeous instrumentation, notwithstanding the merit of some of the motives, the work as a whole is disconnected and without unity of purpose, a mere agglutination of themes and instrumental effects, without logical or musical connection. It is a decidedly clever exercise in composition, and as such it is interesting to the musician or student; but as a composition it is too immature to be taken seriously.

With most remarkable self-assurance the composer actually challenged comparison, by placing upon the programme of the very same concert Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," one of the most beautiful and finished compositions of that musical Chesterfield. The contrast was keenly felt—more keenly, perhaps, than the composer had expected.

Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby was the soloist of the concert; and her glorious voice, even more than the aggressive charm of her ripe and volcanic beauty, completely captivated the audience.

Three musical events are on the programme for this week. On Thursday night the first promenade concert by the Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Hotel Alms, under the auspices of the Orchestra Association. The programme is made up of waltzes and other dance-music by Johann Strauss exclusively. On the same evening Sousa's Band will play at Music Hall.

Friday night the Apollo Club will give its second concert of this season, with an exceptionally fine and interesting programme.

The announcement has been made that the Ellis Opera Company will give three performances here, beginning with "La Bohème" on the 27th of this month, and followed by "Siegfried" on the 28th, and by "Romeo et Juliette" on March 1.

Next month Teresa Carreño and Emil Sauer will play here. Mme. Carreño will be brought back to Cincinnati by one of our local ladies' clubs, while Mr. Sauer has been engaged for his first appearance in this city by an enterprising local impresario.

ERNEST WELLECK.



This office was thrown into consternation by reading the following startling headlines in last Sunday's New York "Telegraph":

"SAUER WOULD KILL WIFE AND BABIES."

"She saw him sharpen the razor to do the deed."

Actual shock followed consternation when the body of the article began with these words: "Business troubles drove my husband insane," said Mrs. Emil Sauer yesterday morning, and she shuddered to think of the narrow escape she and her little ones had, only a few hours before, from the sharp razor of the maniac. "I'll never forget what a fright I had. It was awful to see him. Poor Emil!"

Then it transpired that this Emil Sauer was not the celebrated pianist, but the barber in the Chelsea apartment house, New York.

* * *

A Viennese journalist relates that one day he accompanied Brahms to a concert by an unknown singer, whose programme contained a number of little-known songs by Brahms. "An unpractical fellow!" exclaimed the composer. "Unknown singers should begin with known songs."

* * *

To write a successful, popular song is not so difficult as one might suppose. A Western journal gives some valuable recipes: "For instance, in a 'mother' song, let the first line lead with 'My mother,' and the second with the perfectly natural statement that you have 'no other.' Of course, from her you'll 'never part,' for if you did it would 'break my heart.' That is sufficient. For the other varieties there is the 'girl' who is a 'pearl,' and sets your heart in a 'whirl.' A 'coon' song must tell of the deeds of one, 'Mr. Johnson,' and so on, ad nauseam." The ten words were forgotten that have never been known to fail in the making of an absolutely irresistible lyric, namely: "Love" and "dove," "coo" and "woo," "tarry" and "marry," "sing" and "ring," and "kiss" and "bliss."

* * *

"Have you heard my last song?" said a simpering composer to a gruff critic.

"I hope so," was the doubtful reply.

* * *

A company, capitalized with \$60,000, has been started in Chicago for the purpose of teaching music by mail. Our windy neighbor is not only enterprising, but also original.

* * *

A good deal has been written about the music at cremations. As was recently chronicled in MUSICAL AMERICA, a Berlin composer, Eugenio Pirani, has written some special music for such occasions. Why compose anything new when there exists such a very appropriate selection as "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night?"

* * *

Sousa's annual income is estimated to be \$75,000.

In Berlin, not long ago, a collection had to be taken up in order to keep Max Bruch and his family from starving.

Hungarian Pianist.—Ernst von Dohnanyi, the new Hungarian pianist, is only twenty-two years old. He is said to be an excellent performer on the violoncello, too. His father is a professor of mathematics and physics.

Scalchi's Last Season.—From Wichita, Kan., comes this comforting information by wire: Mme. Sofie Schalchi, the Italian opera singer, in an interview here, said: "I am going to make this my last year on the American stage. Next year I go to Australia. The rumor that Mme. Patti and myself intend to make a farewell trip together next season is unfounded. The rumor that I intend asking for a divorce from my husband, Count Lalli, is also untrue. He has remained at home this year because of ill-health."

HOW GOUNOD COMPOSED "MIREILLE."

Very soon a statue of Gounod will be dedicated and unveiled in Paris. This event brings into prominence many reminiscences of this favorite composer.

Of all his works, "Mireille" is the one that appeals most to the hearts of his own countrymen, yet it is hardly known outside of France proper. The poem of Frederic Mistral, from which the libretto of this opera is adapted, as well as Gounod's music, tell about the most beautiful and romantic corner of French soil, the sunny gardens of the Provence, and of the grace, beauty and wit of the Provençals.

When Gounod wrote to Mistral that he was about to start work on the composition of "Mireille" the poet replied: "Come to Arles or to Avignon or to Saint-Remy, but by all means see our women on Sunday, as they come from church; then only at the sight of so much brilliant beauty and grace you will understand how easy and natural it is to be an artist or a poet in this blessed country!"

Gounod did not hesitate. On March 23, 1863, he arrived at Saint-Remy, Mistral having secured quarters for him at the inn of the "Ville Verte" (Green City). Gounod worked during the mornings, then he lunched with the organist. After that he would take long walks about the country, returning in the afternoon and working another hour or two. After dinner he invariably smoked his "good pipe," preferring a common long pipe with a simple clay bowl. While in St. Remy, Gounod lived incognito as Monsieur Charles, but very soon he had, after the manner of that country, received a nickname, "Le Bref" (the short one), because he spoke very little. This incognito did not help him much, for the composer of "Faust" was then too popular a person in France to be able to hide his identity for any length of time anywhere in his own country.

On all his outings and walks he invariably carried a roll of music paper, and he loved to relate, later on, how his most beautiful melodies occurred to him while plucking violets, or while strolling sombre paths in the deep forests.

Gounod had at one time intended to become a priest; he remained a devout Catholic throughout his lifetime, and during his stay in Saint-Remy he played the organ of the village church every Sunday. The regular organist, a simple fellow, named Iltis, could not tell enough in his letters about the modesty and the kindness of the master. Gounod himself often said that the time of his stay in the Provence, while writing "Mireille," was the most beautiful of his whole life. On March 19, 1846, this work was produced for the first time at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris with enormous success.

P. R. FREISINGER.

Grau's Plans.—Encouraged by his success, Maurice Grau will extend his plan of operations next season. He will take his company direct to San Francisco, and thence work his way East for the New York season of 1899-1900. This will involve a tremendous expense; but San Francisco has always rewarded the impresario who came with a first-class company.

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MUSICAL CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13, 1899.

The past week's weather was too severe for concert attendance. At 15 degrees below zero, the most enthusiastic of musical people become very indifferent to everything but a warm fireside.

Frederick Bruegger, the vocal teacher, has just recovered from a severe illness, and has resumed his studio work. M. Bruegger has several very promising pupils.

The Chicago National College of Music gave a concert in Kimball Hall Tuesday evening. The students' orchestra, numbering thirty-five young ladies and gentlemen, under the direction of C. Frederic Kellogg, made its first appearance.

The Spiering Quartet played in Minneapolis on Tuesday night, February 7, and was most enthusiastically received.

The quartet is now able to announce that the three remaining concerts of the present series will be given, the first to take place on March 14. This is a most agreeable bit of news, as it appeared for a time that the subscription would fall through. No similar organization ever reflected so much credit on Chicago, and it should be encouraged and fostered.

De Wolf Hopper opened with Sousa's opera, the "Charlatan," at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday night. "The Charlatan" music is an improvement over Sousa's former operatic efforts. There are moments when it is indifferent and even puerile; but, as a whole, it is full of catchy melodies, Sousaesque and brilliant. It scored a success, and is good for a profitable run. The march movement, as usual, dominates the opera. The John Church Co. are the publishers of the score and selections.

Last Tuesday evening the Chicago Musical College orchestra, composed of sixty students, and directed by S. E. Jacobsohn, gave a concert in the college recital hall. Clare Osborne Reed and Mabel F. Shorey were the soloists. Miss Reed is a magnificent pianist, intellectually and technically. Her playing of the Litolff scherzo was masterful, despite the bad orchestral accompaniment. Jacobsohn is a good director; but there are no excuses to fit meaningless air-sawing.

Arthur Friedheim's recital at Central Music Hall, Tuesday evening, February 14, is arousing expectancy, as it marks his debut as a resident Chicago pianist. Mr. Friedheim is acknowledged to be the greatest living interpreter of Liszt. He will play in this recital selections by Liszt, Chopin, Beethoven and Wagner. The recital is under the management of F. Wight Neumann. Mr. Neumann announces that the dates for the recitals of the distinguished virtuoso, Emil Sauer, have been changed from February, as previously announced, to March, and will take place at the Central Music Hall, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 7 and 9, and Saturday afternoon, March 11.

A fine audience braved the intense cold to hear the second concert of the Chicago Mendelssohn Club, in Central Music Hall, last Tuesday night. Charles W. Clark and Gertrude May Stein were the soloists, the accompaniment being furnished by members of the Chicago Orchestra. The first number, "Rhine Wine Song," arranged for the club, was conspicuous for a weakness in the second tenors, and at times a divergence from pitch. No. 2 was a double number, for Mr. Clark (a), Belshazzar; (b) "In the Balmy Night." His fine singing and splendid articulation made a distinct impression. His work was a defined feature of the programme.

"Morning" is the title of a number by Bruschweiler, dedicated to and sung by the Mendelssohn Club, with incidental tenor solo by Walter R. Root. It met with such deserved favor that a repetition was given. Miss Stein sang charmingly, "Since First I Met Thee," by Rubinstein; "Dites Moi," by Nevin; and "Song of Sunshine," by Goring-Thomas. The *piece de resistance* was Max Bruch's "Frithjof," op. 23. Miss Stein sang Ingeborg, Mr. Clark "Frithjof," a double male quartet assisting. "Frithjof" is classically dull, and the orchestra accompaniment was somewhat crudely done. In the third part, Mr. Clark rose to a climax that was intelligently appreciated. Miss Stein won favor anew as Ingeborg.

Sig. Arturo Marescalchi, with the assistance of Miss Katherine Condon and Miss Pauline Miller, will give a vocal recital next Tuesday evening in Steinway Hall, under the auspices of the Chicago Conservatory.

The Apollo Club is at work on rehearsals of Haydn's "Creation," the work selected for performance at the festival of April 6. As the oratorio is familiar to most of the chorus, the club will begin simultaneously the rehearsal of still another work.

A faculty concert will be given in Steinway Hall next Thursday evening by the De Norville School of Music.

The American Conservatory will give a recital next Thursday evening at Kimball Hall.

The first week's repertoire of the Ellis Opera Company here will include "La Bohème" on Monday, "Tannhäuser" Tuesday, "Carmen" Wednesday, "Lohengrin" Thursday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" Friday, and "Faust" Saturday matinée.

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W. J. Kitchener.

"When one considers that a three-part fugue has been successfully performed upon the guitar, I may well lay claim that the instrument promises to be a noteworthy factor in the musical world," said Mr. Kitchener to me the other day, in his spacious, comfortably furnished studio at No. 214 West Forty-second street, New York.

Chief among the metropolitan champions and artistic exponents of the guitar for some time has been W. J. Kitchener. Remarkable to relate, Mr. Kitchener was formerly the organist of a New York church, which position he foresook to take up the more pleasurable one (to him) of instructor of the guitar, banjo and mandolin.

He received his early musical education in London, England, and when but a boy became enraptured with the guitar, upon hearing some excellent guitarists play. After having studied the guitar assiduously with a pupil of the famous guitarist, Giulio Regondi, in London, Mr. Kitchener came to this country and studied advanced music at Trinity College, Toronto. He became the organist of St. Thomas' Church, Toronto, and was soon called to the Church of St. John the Baptist, of New York.

The fascination of his early love, the guitar, becoming irresistible, however, he determined to henceforth devote himself exclusively to playing and teaching the guitar. His mastery of the mandolin and banjo was also apparent, and several local conservatories enlisted him as special instructor.

On account of his marked musical ability, Mr. Kitchener is a valuable arranger of music suitable for the guitar. His efforts in this line advantageously display his knowledge of theory. He has for some years past arranged the instrumental music for nearly all of the prominent university and college mandolin and banjo clubs. He is the instructor of numbers of college club players and is the director of the Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Club of St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I. The Plectra Club, of New York, of which he is the leader, is composed of fifteen of his advanced students. He is also the director of the well-known Vienna Quartet. His present list of pupils numbers more than sixty, in whose instruction he is ably assisted by Mrs. W. J. Kitchener, an excellent classical guitarist and a young woman of very charming personality. Some of Mr. Kitchener's best pupils are: Gilbert Wilson, mandolinist; Miss Elizabeth Loader, guitarist, and William Washburn, banjoist.

ROBERT GOLDEN.

UP-TO-DATE CRITICISM.

From the N. Y. Evening Sun.

One man of the name of Regnar Kidde sang twenty-four songs in an hour and a half last Saturday night in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. His accomplice at the piano was Orton Bradley. There were no arrests; and Mr. Bradley's fortitude in the circumstances was remarked by the audience. Mr. Kidde, who is a baritone, with five or six good, rich notes in the lower register of his voice, was also commended by personal friends for his bravery in doing what few artists, except the greatest, ever dare to do—perpetrate upon an audience two dozen songs in an hour and a half, without rest or variation by having some one else on the programme with him. Mr. Kidde's two lowest tones lacked resonance and volume, and his highest tone and a half were thin. There was nothing in his voice or execution which warranted so extended an exhibition of lung power.

Leoncavallo and "Zaza."—It is reported that Ruggero Leoncavallo intends to adopt the successful French comedy, "Zaza," by Berton and Scinon.

Liebling in Boston.—On Tuesday afternoon, Max Liebling, the well-known New York pianist, was in Boston, where he played the accompaniments for Maud McCarthy, the violin prodigy, at a fashionable musicale.

Why Saléza Resigned.—Albert Alvarez, who is with the Ellis Opera Company, shares with Albert Saléza the place at the head of French tenors to-day. M. Alvarez and M. Saléza sang for several seasons at the Paris Opéra until M. Saléza was compelled to retire temporarily from the stage on account of bad health. When he returned to the Opéra he found that most of the sum allowed by the State to the leading tenors had been apportioned to M. Alvarez. M. Gailhard is permitted to expend only 150,000 francs, or \$30,000, for the salaries of the two leading tenors. M. Alvarez was receiving two-thirds of this sum when M. Saléza returned to sing, and he resigned from the Opéra when he found that only one-third remained for him. M. Alvarez has since that time been the leading tenor at the Opéra.



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IS NEW YORK A MUSICAL CENTER?

Arthur Schoenstadt, in the N. Y. Journal.

The whole trouble lies in the fact that all musical enterprises here have only a business basis. Success means only the making of money. A young musician who wants to spread his wings had better pigeonhole all his compositions unless he follows the advice of the publishers and composes "trash."

A musician, who, harassed by want and deprivation, writes a symphony or opera in a cheerless room of a New York tenement house, is not a pathetic, but a ridiculous character. His ambition will be killed in the bud. He will either have to compose marketable "trash" or be forced to play the fiddle or piano for balls or parties. There is no market here for good music.

Wherever art has flourished it has called for material aid. In this city of millions we have not yet progressed so far as to institute and support a permanent orchestra, through all the cities on the European continent, large and small, have orchestras maintained by municipal contributions.

Here musical art is in the hands of a few private speculators, none of whom feels morally obliged to spend a single dollar for ideal purposes. Conservatories are not founded and managed on the principle of collegiate institutions—to educate people; they only serve money-making schemes. Concerts and operas are not given regardless of financial success, to elevate the taste of the public; they are only given to put shekels into the pockets of the managers. A few impresarios and foreign soloists pocket the bulk of the receipts. Not a farthing goes to art.

We will not hear new operas; we offer no inducements to home talent; we have not even a first-class orchestra. The only orchestra in the United States which can bear favorable comparison with European orchestral organizations is the Boston Symphony, which owes its existence to the generosity of Colonel Higginson.

By what right, then, can New York claim to be a "musical centre?"

Music in Harper's Weekly.—Messrs. Harper & Bros. have just discovered that "it has been obvious for some time that there is a demand in New York City, and in other musical centres throughout the United States, for discussion of musical matters in a manner more careful and more literary than the daily press can afford." As a result of this discovery, "Harper's Weekly" will henceforth contain a music department, under the editorial care of Mr. E. Irenaeus Stevenson, the thoughtful and accomplished critic, who has just completed his nineteenth year as musical reviewer of the New York "Independent."

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COMBINATION OR COMPETITION.

There are certain great laws that seem to govern the movements of individuals as well as of nations, so that however much we may stray to this side or to that, the course of progress is all on certain main lines.

From the dawn of civilization, the brute instinct of man to combat, compete and struggle with his fellow man has been steadily forced to yield to the influence of the higher law, that we are all members of one family and should act as such.

Religion has attempted to teach the brotherhood of man with but partial success.

Philosophy had advised it with still less success.

It is "necessity" which, with iron hand, is forcing man to combination and co-operation.

It was necessity which evolved the family, then the tribe, then the nation.

It was necessity which taught us the value of the subdivision of labor, and it is necessity which is to-day forcing industry from the lower plane of competition to the higher plane of combination.

That is the meaning of the syndicates, trusts that are being formed all over the world, and more particularly in this country.

It is not love that is inducing man to give up industrial war on his fellow man but necessity.

We are combining, not because we can carry on business more successfully and profitably by combination, but because a point has been reached where business can no longer be successfully and profitably carried on by competition.

In plain words, we are being forced into new conditions. Industry is passing from the savagery of competition to the civilization of combination and co-operation.

One of the great mistakes of those who oppose combination and co-operation is that they fail to perceive that because combination and co-operation are at times put to a wrong purpose or are used to oppress, it does not follow that they are wrong as "principles of action."

What society has to do, therefore, is to so regulate combination and co-operation that they cannot be used by the unscrupulous for improper purposes.

The great natural forces are the inheritance of all men.

Therefore, no one man, no one set of men has the right to claim such forces as individual property.

Again, wherever value is created by the combination or aggregation of men, no one man has a right to seize upon such value and call it "property."

This value is what in social-economics is called "the unearned increment."

A man has something which becomes more valuable, not by reason of his own labor or enterprise, but through the labor or enterprise of those around him. He has no right to the increase. So far as he is concerned it is "unearned."

This is not socialism. It is ordinary business, common sense.

Ten thousand people settle within a certain district. They by this act create value—value for transportation, heating, lighting and a thousand other purposes. That value belongs to the ten thousand, because they created it.

The value of all public franchises belongs to the people, for they created the value. Therefore, all public franchises should be run by the people or for their benefit.

Men rail at corporations as such.

Corporations, great aggregations of capital, brains and labor are a necessary factor in human affairs. We could not do without them.

The trouble is not that there are corporations, but that they get or seize value which they did not create, that they get something for nothing.

The value of telegraphs, telephones, railroads is created by the patronage of the public.

When population is not sufficiently large to afford sufficient patronage, your telegraphs, telephones, railroads have no value.

No corporation has a right to monopolize value created by the community.

Now comes the question: "How can the community obtain this value which it has created?"

Obviously by receiving from corporations and combinations good service at such rates as yield a fair but not exorbitant return on the capital invested.

The great millionaires are made because they can, under existing laws, grab and keep the great unearned increment in value which they did not create, but which belongs to the community, which created it.

The telephone is a good thing. It is a necessity. We cannot get along without it.

The corporation which erects telephone lines is enormously successful.

Why?

Because, through the large number of people who want to use it, its lines become most valuable; they are not rated at cost, with a fair advance added, but at a much higher figure, owing to the "unearned increment."

The mere existence of population with purchasing power creates value. This value belongs to its creators; but today it is given away or seized by the crafty, and as a result we have billionaires on the one hand, and utterly excessive charges for telegraph, telephone, transportation and other similar service.

This does not prove that corporations which give the community such service are a bad thing. It simply proves that they should be restricted to the value they themselves create.

The same line of argument applies to syndicates, trusts.

Where such combinations are made for industrial and not merely for "Wall street" purposes, where they result in better goods at lower prices, they are obviously beneficial. But where they use the values created by the com-

munity to raise prices and lower quality, they are obviously harmful.

Public opinion, therefore, should not be directed towards a blind opposition to syndicates, corporations, trusts; but it should be directed towards the enactment of laws by which such combinations are confined to the value they actually create, and should be forced to yield the value they did not create—the "unearned increment" of value created by the people, through their energy, their purchasing power—in the shape of improved services at lower prices.

The old school of political economy taught the great value to the community of the individual man doing every thing for himself, and struggling with his neighbor for bare existence. He lived to illustrate the so-called law of the survival of the fittest.

The new school of political economy will teach the value to the community of the individual man freed from the harassment and agony of competition, and enabled through combination and co-operation with his fellow man to acquire leisure, opportunity for self-improvement, for recreation.

With competition as the basis, we nearly all live to do business.

With combination as the basis, we shall all do business to live.

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"This having to sample your own goods before your customers is killing work."

And that is why poor, dear Elihu is preparing for a heavenly crown much quicker by eating his way to glory than if he had stayed in the piano trade and taken his whiskey straight with the boys.

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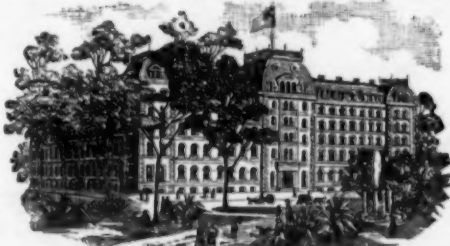
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